

PS 635

29 R88



# Hail the Conquering Hero!

A Comedy in Three Acts

By  
ADELAIDE C. ROWELL

## NOTE

The professional rights in this play are strictly reserved and application for the right to produce it should be made to the author in care of the publishers. Amateurs may produce it without payment of royalty on condition that the name of the author appears on all programmes and advertising issued in connection with such performances.



**WALTER** BOSTON  
WALTER H. BAKER COMPANY  
1921

PS 635  
Z9 R88

# Hail the Conquering Hero!

---

## CHARACTERS

MRS. GREENWOOD.

UNCLE DAVID, *Mrs. Greenwood's brother.*

GUY, *Mrs. Greenwood's son.*

CARYL, *Mrs. Greenwood's daughter.*

RICHARD, *Mrs. Greenwood's foster son.*

BARON HUYSMAN } *friends of Uncle David.*  
GENERAL GRAVEUR }

TOM }  
BOB } *friends of Guy.*  
JERRY }

MILDRED } *friends of Caryl.*  
JEAN }

SUZANNE, *Uncle David's housekeeper.*

TIME.—Late summer of the year 1919.

Scene.—Terrace adjoining Uncle David's house.

ACT I.—Richard the Conqueror.

ACT II, *Scene 1.*—Richard rides forth. (*Next morning.*)

ACT II, *Scene 2.*—Richard rides back. (*Two hours later.*)

ACT III.—The eclipse of Richard. (*The same evening.*)



---

COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY ADELAIDE C. ROWELL  
*as author and proprietor.*

*All stage and moving picture rights reserved.*

©CLD 58620

SEP 15 1921

*Written for and Dedicated to the  
Class of 1921  
of the  
Central High School, Hamilton  
County, Tennessee*

## SYNOPSIS

When Mrs. Greenwood's artist brother, David, who has spent many years abroad, returns home he finds a cool reception awaiting him from his seventeen-year-old nephew, Guy, and his fifteen-year-old niece, Caryl, who feel he has shamed the family by being in Europe at the time of the war and yet taking no part in the conflict. They know that if their foster brother, Richard, a dashing young lieutenant in the Marines, could have gone over he would have saved the family honor. It is Richard who now brings the exciting news that two great foreigners, Baron Huysman and General Graveur, are to be in the city the next day. They are on a secret mission, but the Mayor has gotten wind of their coming and a big celebration is to be staged. The following day the whole town turns out to do honor to the guests, and Caryl is disgusted with her mother and Uncle David for not going, as Richard is to lead the parade as Captain of the Greys. Later, the young people return home in great distress, for the great men have never come; and when they learn they are at Uncle David's home they are amazed, and hastily conclude they must have come to take him back as a military prisoner. Instantly, Uncle David becomes dear to them, and Richard forms a daring plan to kidnap the foreigners, in which event Caryl is persuaded to star, reluctantly, as a "vamp," to lure them to their doom. But that night when Caryl goes shakily forth to encounter her victims, Uncle David finds her, and in the scene that follows the two become such great friends that Caryl forgets her mission and it is Uncle David who is captured by Richard. Caryl's screams bring her mother and the foreigners to the scene, and in the explanations that follow the young people find that it is Uncle David who is the real hero and Richard the pale shadow.

# Hail the Conquering Hero!

---

## ACT I

SCENE.—*The setting for all three acts is a stone terrace adjoining the side entrance of a comfortable brick and timber house in the late summer of the year 1919. The low gables, the quaint doorway with an old-fashioned lantern hung on either door post, the charmingly draped windows as seen from the outside, the walls which the vines have striven to cover, the variety of potted plants and growing things seen everywhere bespeak the artistic instinct of the presiding genius of the place. A large green rug partly covers the stone floor. To R. stands a broad swing banked with cushions, and about the terrace are scattered comfortable wicker chairs and seats. One feels at first glance the air of comfort and artistic fitness of things that gives to the scene a homelike and much-lived-in appearance.*

*(The curtain rises upon two boys of seventeen or eighteen, seated in the swing, both singing loudly and atrociously. The one to the right is TOM, a tall, slim boy with a dry sense of humor and a quiet way of getting what he wants. The other is GUY GREENWOOD, full of ginger, lithe as a sapling, and always ready to do anything. You think of him as a born cheer leader for college athletics. He and TOM are as close to each other as Damon and Pythias, but neither was ever known to speak a civil word to the other. When we first see them they are singing:*

*"How you going to keep them down on the farm after they've seen Paree?" but soon even they see that this thing must stop.)*

TOM (*glaring at GUY*). Good heavens! This is awful!

GUY (*bristling up like a game cock*). Rotten! Can't you carry a tune better than that?

TOM. What you talking about? I had it fine, but you were squealing like a stuck pig!

GUY. Why, darn it all, you were roaring so I couldn't hear myself.

TOM. You were in luck then! (*Stops short and takes a good look at a ring GUY is wearing on his little finger.*) I say, where did you get that?

GUY (*after a moment's hesitation*). Oh—ah—that? Why—Uncle David. He picked it up somewhere in Belgium—used to go sketching there, you know.

TOM (*impressed*). Gee! I sure do like that! I say, Guy, I'll match you for it.

GUY (*shortly*). You big stiff, you won't do anything of the kind!

TOM. Oh, come on! Be a sport!

GUY. I can't, I tell you, Uncle David—a—a—he gave it to me.

TOM (*scornfully*). Is that any reason he'd want you to be a quitter and not match up when a fellow called your game?

GUY (*irritably*). I can't. Mother would never forgive me.

TOM (*shrugging his shoulders*). Oh, well, if you are going to be influenced all the time by women ——

GUY (*indignantly pulling out a coin as he speaks*). Women! Huh! Of all the nerve! See here, if you're going to match with me you'll have to get a move on you.

TOM. Right oh! (*The two boys spin their coins first in the air, then clap them on the backs of their hands, and when they uncover TOM gives a caper of joy and GUY looks gloomy.*) Mine!

GUY (*nervously*). Best two out of three.

TOM. You're crazy! I've already won that ring.



*(Light, quick footsteps are heard off stage, but the boys do not hear them.)*

GUY *(desperately)*. Two out of three!

TOM *(magnanimously)*. Oh well, then!

*(They match again. TOM shouts with delight, and GUY thrusts the ring at him indignantly.)*

GUY. Here, take the old thing!

*(TOM is gloating over his prize when a girl's voice calls from off stage: "Mother! Guy! Where is everybody?" The boys look around in surprise, a smile breaking over TOM's face, and even GUY looking less gloomy.)*

TOM. Caryl home!

GUY. How did she get here? I know Mother wasn't expecting her home from camp for several days.

*(There now enters from the wings a girl of fifteen. This is CARYL GREENWOOD, GUY's sister. In her build she resembles him very much: slim and graceful, with quick, lithe movements. But here the resemblance ends, for CARYL is like herself and no one else. The younger sister of two brothers, she has all their love for outdoor sports, and will take any dare they care to offer. Yet, withal, she is very feminine. Quick of tongue, and full of the animal spirits of youth, she will at times become unaccountably shy. Her hair is a soft brown with copperish lights in it, her features regular with a touch of piquant delicacy, her color fresh, and in her grey eyes there is a constant play of expression from gayety to wistfulness. Her face is flushed with excitement, and her eyes bright as she runs in, calling to her family. She is dressed in a simple white middy suit. Her hair is worn in a loose plait finishing in a curl. A relieved smile breaks over her face as she spies the two boys.)*

CARYL. Goodness, but I'm glad to find somebody at last! I thought the family must have moved. (*The boys run to her and she holds out a hand to each. TOM grabs one and shakes it like a pump handle. CARYL rescues her hand.*) Save the pieces, Tommy.

GUY (*giving her a brotherly peck on the cheek*). What you mean by coming home like this and not letting a soul know about it?

CARYL. I wanted to surprise you, and when I reached home there was nobody to surprise.

GUY. Serves you right. If you'd told me you were coming I'd have met you at the depot with the car.

CARYL (*radiantly*). Oh, Richard did that!

GUY (*brusquely*). How did he know?

(*CARYL laughs in a provoking manner, but does not enlighten him.*)

TOM (*courting trouble*). Heard about that camp of yours in Virginia.

CARYL (*taking up the challenge*). North Carolina!

TOM. Well anyway, old Bill Martin went up there one day to visit his sister, and he's been killing himself laughing about it ever since.

CARYL (*with spirit*). Billie never so much as stuck his nose inside of our camp!

(*GUY and TOM chuckle and jeer at her.*)

GUY. Bill said they all wore Indian togs, and danced around a wood fire every night.

TOM. And called each other Indian names. What was yours, Caryl? Popocatepetl?

CARYL (*laughing*). Smarty! Billie's sister wasn't at our camp at all. And we didn't wear those silly things. We had bloomers and middies, and we did everything wild and woolly we could think of. It was gorgeous!

GUY. Huh! You're all sunburned.

CARYL. Huh! I don't care if I am. It was such fun I didn't want to leave, but now I'm here I'm glad as anything to be home.

TOM. Darned if I'm not glad, too.

(CARYL smiles at him, as she crosses over to GUY.)

CARYL. Richard says Daddy is still in Washington. I'm so disappointed! I can hardly wait to see him. And Guy, where is Mother? Do you think she'll be gone long?

GUY. No. She's just out riding with Uncle David.

(CARYL'S face lights up with a new interest.)

CARYL. Tell me about Uncle David, Brother. Do you like him? He has been over here a month now, hasn't he? What is he like? Is he ——

(TOM shouts with laughter, and GUY breaks in indignantly.)

GUY. Hold on there! What you think I am?

CARYL (laughing). Tell me, Buddy. I'm so curious to know about him.

GUY (helplessly). Oh—a—he's all right, I reckon.

TOM (generously). He's a good scout. I like him.

GUY (in puzzled tones). Mother has been the queerest ever since he came. Can't let him out of her sight.

CARYL (coaxingly). Tell me about it please. You know our camp was miles away from a post-office, and I am sure half of Mother's letters never reached me. What made him come so suddenly?

GUY. Well, it seems he had been sick for a long time in a hospital in England.

CARYL. Did Mother know he was sick?

GUY. No, he wouldn't let them tell her. As soon as he began to feel better he decided to come home to Mother.

TOM (curiously). Whatever made him go to France to live?

CARYL. He's an artist.

TOM. Couldn't he be one and stay at home?

CARYL. Of course not, silly! (To GUY.) And then what did he do?

GUY. Well, you know he owned this house next door to ours (*Designating the one they are enhancing.*) so he wrote Mother to have it fixed up for him—gave her all manner of directions, and one day he turned up and has been living here ever since.

CARYL (*looking around her critically*). I'll say it for Mother she made a good job of it.

TOM. Oh, he's done wonders with it himself. You ought to see that man. I swear, he can stick a burnt match in the ground, and the next day a rose-bush will be sprouting from it.

CARYL (*thoughtfully*). Doesn't sound much like a man, does it? Imagine Daddy planting flowers! What does he look like, anyway?

GUY. Tall and thin.

TOM. Dad told me he used to be a wonderful big fellow. Best back at Virginia.

GUY (*with an unconscious note of contempt in his voice*). Think of a crack full-back turning out to be an artist!

(TOM *shakes his head as though the idea was too much for him.* CARYL and GUY *seat themselves in the swing, and TOM on the table.*)

CARYL. Of course, I want to see him, but —

GUY. He's crazy to see you. Talks about you a lot. Says he loves girls.

CARYL (*helplessly*). Dear me, I won't know what to say to him. I never knew an artist before.

TOM (*inspired*). Tell him about the camp.

CARYL. I can't talk indefinitely about that. Besides, an artist wouldn't care to hear about a crowd of girls in middies and bloomers running around the woods and swimming and all that sort of thing.

GUY (*ponderously*). Just talk to him about—well, about anything, and when you kind of run down, ask him about—oh say, about life in Paris.

CARYL (*horrified*). Oh Guy, I'd be afraid to! Richard says the way those artists live over there is something awful!

TOM (*with a knowing wink*). I'll say it is! Fellow was telling me about it once—Mmh!

GUY (*heavily*). Reckon you're right. Better keep off that Paris line of talk then.

CARYL (*sighing*). I can't understand why we should have to—to have an artist in our family—Mother's own brother.

TOM. But she thinks he's all right.

*(In the moment's silence that follows it is plain to be seen that CARYL and GUY do not agree with their mother. The girl now asks with some hesitation, as though ashamed it should be necessary to ask such a question about a member of her family:)*

CARYL. Does—does he talk much about the war?

GUY (*flushing*). Not a word. Gets all upset when you mention it.

CARYL. Wasn't he in it—not even a little?

GUY. Guess not. Mother won't let us ask him a thing about it.

*(A middle-aged woman of the French peasant class comes to the door, looks out and nods to the boys, glances curiously at CARYL, and then disappears again within the house.)*

CARYL. Who is that?

GUY. His housekeeper, Suzanne. He brought her with him from France.

CARYL (*moved*). What a sad face she has!

GUY. No wonder! The Boche killed her husband.

CARYL (*springing to her feet, her eyes aflame*). Oh, how could any man stay over there and not fight for France! If only I had been old enough nothing could have kept me at home!

GUY (*mournfully*). We Greenwoods didn't have any-one over there to fight for us. They made Father stick up there in Washington, and Richard —

*(He pauses with kindling eye, and it is apparent from*

*the proud interest called forth in each young face that the aforesaid RICHARD is a shining light among them.)*

CARYL (*rebelliously*). If they had only let Richard go he would have fought for us as long as there was anything left to fight!

TOM (*proudly*). Old Dick would have made those Dutchies sit up and take notice!

GUY (*gloomily*). And if the fool Government didn't keep him drilling rookies in that fool Marine camp—drilling rookies!—and then when he did get his orders to go across, if the fool war wasn't called off when he was in Hoboken waiting to sail! Rotten luck, I call it!

TOM (*seized with an inspired thought*). I believe there was some German propaganda behind it. They had spies in all our camps, and I bet you when they found out what a dare-devil old Dick was they pulled the wires to keep him on this side.

GUY (*impressed*). I hadn't thought of that. Richard would be furious if he thought that was true. He'd lick the very first German he met.

CARYL (*softly*). If Richard only could have gone!

*(There is no sentiment in CARYL'S attitude toward RICHARD. Some day she may fall in love with him, but now her feeling toward him differs little from that of the boys, though being a girl it has added depth and tenderness.)*

GUY. Alvin York would have been a pale shadow beside Dick if he could only have gone!

CARYL. I know he would have won the Croix de Guerre.

TOM. Oh my, yes!

GUY. Tough luck! If Dick could only have been over there instead of Uncle David!

*(At this unfortunate moment UNCLE DAVID enters with his sister, MRS. GREENWOOD. She is a pretty woman, wholesome, well poised, and possessed of a youthful charm that will keep her young if she lives a full*



century. Young people like her naturally, and her own children adore her, though often they manifest it in a most peculiar and unfathomable manner. But it never matters for she always understands. UNCLE DAVID is a man in the neighborhood of forty, dark hair shot with grey, smooth face, a mouth that reminds one of CARYL'S, and eyes dark grey with a tragedy written within them which he strives to hide beneath a whimsical air. He is very tall with a large frame which shows signs of a long illness, though he seems now to be on the road to better health.)

UNCLE D. (*pleasantly*). Who is taking my name in vain?

(*There follows a moment of confusion and embarrassment on the part of the young people, soon dispelled, however, by CARYL and her mother discovering each other.*)

MRS. G. Caryl!

CARYL. Mother! (*She throws herself joyously into her mother's outstretched arms, and the two embrace, laughing in happy excitement.*) I surprised you, Mother!

MRS. G. I should think you did! What made you come so soon?

CARYL. I—well, it seemed ages since I had seen you, Mother.

MRS. G. Bless your heart! I've missed you so! (*Looking into her face, a hand on either cheek.*) And how well you are looking. You are as sunburned as Guy. How was the camp, dear?

CARYL (*bursting with animal spirits*). Glorious! I haven't been still a minute . . . rowing, swimming, hiking, shooting. Mother, what do you think? I can hit the bull's-eye nine times out of ten!

TOM (*sarcastically*). What with? A hammer?

CARYL (*laughing*). You hateful old thing!

(*They all laugh, and it is then that MRS. GREENWOOD remembers she has not yet presented CARYL to her*

UNCLE DAVID. *He has been looking at the girl with keen interest, a wistful look on his long, lean face.)*

MRS. G. But come, you must meet your Uncle David. *(With an arm about her daughter she leads her proudly to her brother.)* David, dear, this is the little girl you have been wanting to see ever since she was a baby.

*(For one vibrant moment the girl and her uncle stand looking into each other's eyes, he visibly moved, and she frankly interested; then with a shy smile, she holds out both hands to him. Her action is very sweet, but one misses the youthful abandon of her greeting with her mother. UNCLE DAVID does not seem to notice this, however, and drawing the girl to him, he kisses her upturned lips. Laying both hands upon her shoulders, he looks down upon her with a smiling tenderness that brings a blush of confusion to her cheeks.)*

UNCLE D. So this is my little Caryl at last! I have been waiting for many years to see you, my dear, and I am not disappointed.

CARYL *(uncomfortably)*. I—I'm glad—you're not.

GUY *(flippantly)*. You weren't expecting much of her, were you, Uncle?

UNCLE D. *(amused)*. You scamp! *(To his sister.)* That's the way I used to talk to you, wasn't it, Nancy?

MRS. G. You were insufferable at times, David.

CARYL. So is Guy. I don't know how he will end up.

UNCLE D. *(his eyes twinkling)*. Not as an artist, I hope.

GUY *(taken off his guard)*. I should say not! Er—I mean—I ———

*(He breaks off in helpless confusion and UNCLE DAVID takes pity on him.)*

UNCLE D. That's a wise resolve, Guy, for if you ever tried to paint it would be jazz stuff, I feel sure. *(To CARYL.)* So you are an all-round out-of-doors girl?

CARYL *(self-consciously)*. I suppose so.



MRS. G. (*thrusting CARYL good-naturedly toward her UNCLE*). I'll leave you two to get acquainted now, while I run in and speak to Suzanne about that new recipe.

(*CARYL watches her mother disappear into the house in agonizing silence. TOM feels now it is time for him to leave this family party.*)

TOM. Well, I must be getting along.

GUY. Oh don't go, Tom.

TOM. Have to. So long, folks.

CARYL. So long, Tom.

(*UNCLE DAVID now settles himself on the swing, CARYL dutifully seats herself beside him, and GUY hovers restlessly near, hands in pockets. UNCLE DAVID looks cheerful and disposed to be friendly, but the young people accept the trying situation almost grimly. Their uncle tries to put them at their ease, but they seem incapable of feeling anything so comfortable.*)

UNCLE D. (*genially*). Well now, we three have lost a lot of time in getting to know each other, and will have to make up for it, won't we?

CARYL (*sitting very erect, answers stiffly*). Yes, sir.

(*GUY nods and jingles the loose change in his pockets. The lack of enthusiasm shown would dampen the spirits of almost anyone, but UNCLE DAVID carries on manfully.*)

UNCLE D. As far back as I can remember I loved your mother better than anyone else in the world. Our mother, you know, died when I was a baby, so Nancy was always Mother and sister both to me. She was a little older than I, but she never bossed me. She had a way of making me do as she wished without letting me know it was the thing I ought to do.

(*CARYL and GUY thaw out a bit and laugh.*)

CARYL. Mother is still that way.

GUY. Even old Dick eats out of her hand.

UNCLE D. (*nodding wisely*). She will manage us all to the end of our days. We grew up together, and it was not until after your father took her from me that I left her and went abroad to study and paint.

CARYL (*frankly*). Whatever made you decide to be an artist, Uncle David?

UNCLE D. I didn't decide that, my dear. Something within me decided it for me. Perhaps it may speak to you some day, and if it should you will have to do as it says. Do you ever try to draw or paint?

GUY (*proudly*). Yes she does! She's a wonder, Uncle David. She can draw anything.

CARYL (*with determination*). Well, I'm not going to be an artist.

UNCLE D. (*amused*). And what are you going to do, Caryl?

CARYL (*defiantly*). Get married.

(GUY shouts with laughter, but UNCLE DAVID smiles understandingly.)

UNCLE D. That is better than being a Raphael.

CARYL. Well, if I did want to be an artist, I would have to go to Europe and study, and Richard says —

GUY (*motioning to her uneasily*). Ahem!

(CARYL stops suddenly and UNCLE DAVID's eyes twinkle.)

UNCLE D. And what does Richard have to say, Caryl?

CARYL (*recklessly*). He says it is no place for a lady.

UNCLE D. No doubt Richard is quite correct.

CARYL. Richard says it is awful the way art—(GUY coughs and she corrects herself hastily.) err—people live over there.

UNCLE D. And where did Richard get all this interesting information?

GUY. He picked up a lot of stuff like that in the army.

CARYL (*eagerly*). You know Richard was in the army—nineteen and a lieutenant in the Marines!

UNCLE D. Wonderful!

CARYL (*pleased*). We thought so too, but they didn't let him go across!

GUY. He'd have been a captain in a month or two if he'd only had a chance at the fighting.

CARYL (*appealing to her uncle*). Wasn't it a shame he didn't get to go, Uncle David?

UNCLE D. Absolutely inexcusable.

GUY. He'd have won his Croix de Guerre.

UNCLE D. Undoubtedly.

CARYL (*proudly*). But now he is home again they have made him captain of the Jackson Greys! Just think of it! The oldest troop in the state, the one Grandfather commanded when he fought under Stonewall Jackson!

UNCLE D. So we have a real hero in our family?

GUY. I'll say we have!

CARYL. I could listen to him forever when he is telling about his experiences in camp.

(UNCLE DAVID *sees that he shines with but a pale, sickly light beside the flaming glory of this young hero.*)

UNCLE D. (*to CARYL*). You could not love Richard more if he were your own brother, could you?

CARYL (*softly as though this were a new thought*). I had never thought of him as anything else. You know his father was Daddy's best friend, and he died at our house before I was born—the father, not Richard, you know. He left Richard to Daddy and Mother, so he has always been my brother.

UNCLE D. May he always be just that.

CARYL (*puzzled*). What do you mean, Uncle David?

(*He is prevented from answering by the appearance of MRS. GREENWOOD from the house, bearing a plate of tarts.*)

MRS G. See what Suzanne has sent to the poor hungry children!

(CARYL and GUY greet her arrival with an enthusiasm that is as much a compliment to her as to the tarts)

GUY (*helping himself*). Suzanne's a brick!

CARYL (*taking one*). She must have known I was starved, Mother! (*Takes a bite.*) M-m-h! Suzanne has made a new friend! (*A voice off stage is heard calling "Mother! Caryl! Oh Guy!"* CARYL's face lights happily.) It's Richard! (*Calling.*) Here we are, Richard!

VOICE. All right, Caryl!

(*Sounds of other youthful voices, and then enter RICHARD, accompanied by several boys, among whom is TOM. RICHARD is a handsome young fellow of twenty, perhaps, conscious no doubt of his good looks, but not sufficiently so to detract from the undeniable charm of his personality. He affects hair, clothes and mannerisms that are reminiscent of Lord Byron—but never absurdly so. The miniature mustache he wears, however, is quite modern à la Charlie Chaplin. He is so used to the admiration of those slightly his juniors that he accepts it with an easy good nature very charming and becoming to his style of being. One has a feeling that he has in him the making of a fine man, though he will always be prone to play his part to the grandstand. MRS. GREENWOOD and UNCLE DAVID secretly exchange looks of amusement as he appears on the scene; but CARYL's eyes glow with the light of hero worship for this youth five years her senior.*)

UNCLE D. (*twitting him*). Why, Dick, you enter my poor garden plot like the conquering hero in a ten-twenty-and-thirty cent melodrama.

RICHARD (*genially, as though he too were in the sere and yellow leaf*). Those good old days are gone, sir. Now we have to be movie heroes; don't we, little Mother?

(*Catching MRS. GREENWOOD affectionately by both*

*hands. She smiles into his eyes with tender amusement.)*

MRS. G. We do indeed, son. And can it be that you are staging a scene yourself to-day, Richard? Is this not the flush of excitement that I see registered upon your cheek?

*(RICHARD affects an air of nonchalance, but his companions break in with excited comments.)*

TOM. Tell 'em the news, Dick!

GUY. I thought he was keeping something up his sleeve!

JERRY. Tell 'em about it, Dick!

BOB. Real thing, Mrs. Greenwood!

JERRY. Dick's going to ——

TOM. Shut up! Let Dick tell 'em about it!

*(TOM has been keeping his ring well hidden, but as he speaks he makes a gesture that gives RICHARD a glimpse of it, and it is not lost.)*

UNCLE D. *(plaintively)*. Man, are you going to let us stand here in a state of expectancy until we petrify?

*(RICHARD laughs easily, but there is a note of excitement in his voice.)*

GUY. Aw, hurry up!

RICHARD *(running his hand gracefully through his pompadour)*. After I met you this morning, Caryl ——

CARYL *(joyfully explaining to her MOTHER)*. He met me at the depot.

MRS. G. *(amused and surprised)*. Oh, he did! Well, go on, Richard.

RICHARD. As I was saying, after leaving you I ran into the Mayor, and he seemed pleased as Punch. "If this isn't luck!" he said. "I've been trying to locate you for over an hour." *(Modestly.)* I assured him I was



at his service, and he said: "Well now, that's a great relief to me, and I am going to depend on you to put this little matter through for me."

CARYL. Put what through? You are the slowest thing, Richard!

RICHARD (*laughing charmingly*). All right then, little Sister, I'll get down to business. In short, the Mayor told me he had just gotten wind of the fact that two world renowned war heroes from abroad are going to be in the city to-morrow, (*Eagerly.*) and you can't guess who they are!

GUY (*shouting*). Not General Graveur who is over here on a special mission; the fellow the poilus will follow anywhere?

RICHARD (*forgetting to pose in his excitement*). The very one, Guy. And with him is Baron Huysman, the idol of Belgium!

(UNCLE DAVID and MRS. GREENWOOD *exchange quick glances. He looks annoyed and she very thoughtful.*)

TOM. What are they coming here for, Dick?

RICHARD. Don't know—Mayor hasn't an idea. They are on some secret mission and evidently did not intend letting anyone know they were in town. But the Mayor got on to it somehow or other, and he's going to give them a great reception, I can tell you. (*Appealing to Mrs. GREENWOOD.*) Couldn't let great men like that go through here without showing 'em what we thought of the way they fought, could we, Mother?

MRS. G. (*absent-mindedly*). No—of course not.

GUY. What are you going to do for them, Dick?

RICHARD. Meet them at the depot with a band, everybody come out with their cars decorated in French and Belgian flags, banquet at the Chilton —

CARYL (*breathlessly*). And you—Richard? . . .

RICHARD (*with great show of indifference*). Oh, I? Why, the Greys are going to be the guard of honor, and as captain I'll head the parade.

CARYL (*her voice hushed with awe*). Mother, isn't it wonderful?

MRS. G. (*her arm around the girl*). Splendid! It is grander than having a policeman in the family to march in the parades.

CARYL (*shocked*). Mother!

GUY (*enviously*). Richard, will you get to meet them?

RICHARD. Of course! I'm on the reception committee at the depot. In fact, the Mayor turned all the arrangements over to me.

JERRY. Gosh, what luck!

TOM. I bet I join the Greys the minute I'm eighteen!

(*Again RICHARD catches sight of the ring on TOM's finger, and his eye kindles covetously.*)

UNCLE D. (*thoughtfully*). What time did you say you were expecting the distinguished visitors, Richard?

RICHARD. Two o'clock, sir.

UNCLE D. Hm! Two P. M.

(*He motions to his sister and they step back and engage in serious conversation. At the same time two of CARYL's girl friends, JEAN and MILDRED, run in and greet the newly returned camper with enthusiasm. The boys and GUY join the group, and TOM is moving that way when RICHARD hauls him back peremptorily.*)

RICHARD. Hey, wait a minute! Let me see that ring. (*TOM displays it reluctantly.*) Where did you get it?

TOM (*uneasily*). Friend.

RICHARD (*impressed*). It's swell. Where did he get it?

TOM (*audaciously*). France. A Duchess gave it to him. You see, a Boche was trying to kill her, and he came along just in time to save her, so she rewarded him by giving him this ring.

RICHARD (*grinning*). Some tale, Tommy! Say, I'll match you for it!

TOM (*scornfully*). Darned if you will!

RICHARD. Oh come on, be a sport!

TOM (*bored*). I don't even hear you.

RICHARD (*sweetly*). What's the matter, honey? Won't your mamma let you match for things any more?

TOM (*hotly, drawing a coin from his pocket*). I do as I darn please! Well, put up, put up!

RICHARD (*gaily spinning a coin in the air*). That's the man! Let's go, Tom! (*They match and RICHARD lets out a shout.*) It's mine!

TOM (*firmlly*). Best two out of three!

RICHARD (*generously*). Oh, well, just as you say. (*They match again and RICHARD laughs triumphantly.*) You see it was meant for me.

TOM (*shortly, handing the ring over*). Here, take the old thing!

RICHARD. Tough luck, Tommy, but it's all in a lifetime.

(*He is examining it when the girls and boys gather around him again, so he slips it quickly into his pocket. CARYL has been telling the girls the exciting news, and they are duly impressed.*)

CARYL. And think of it—he'll get to meet them!

GUY. The great Graveur! They say he's not afraid of anything!

JERRY. You're in luck, Dick!

RICHARD (*easily*). I am pretty lucky, I'll admit it.

MILDRED (*laughing up into his face*). Richard, will you speak to me when you ride down the street at the head of the Greys?

JEAN. No, he'll not! He's a perfect old stick when he's in a parade.

(*RICHARD laughs provokingly.*)

MILDRED. Not even if I wear my new pink dress and hat?

JEAN. Richard, please salute us. I'd be so thrilled if you would!



RICHARD (*laughing*). Oh, you children! What would the General think if I did a thing like that? (*Looks at his wrist watch.*) Say, it's getting late, and I promised the Mayor I would attend to a lot of things for him. And my uniform. (*To CARYL.*) Little Sister, will you do something for me?

CARYL (*thrilled*). You know I will, Brother.

RICHARD. A little snag in my sash —

CARYL. I'll mend it for you.

RICHARD. That's the girl! (*He throws one arm with careless fondness about her shoulders, and thus they turn to go. At the exit he looks back with a genial nod.*) So long, folks! See you later.

ALL (*with feeling*). So long, Dick!

(*In silent envy and deepest admiration they watch him disappear. In the doorway of his home UNCLE DAVID looks on with his sister, quite forgotten by the young people in their admiration for this gallant hero.*)

TOM. Some good scout!

BOB. I'll say he is!

CURTAIN

## ACT II

### SCENE I

SCENE.—*Same as ACT I. Time: About noon of the following day.*

(SUZANNE is seen pottering about the flowers and plants, when CARYL enters hurriedly. She is in a state of happy excitement, cheeks flushed and eyes dancing. She is wearing a simple white dress, and is carrying a panama hat in one hand and a French and a Belgian flag in the other. From the smile she gives SUZANNE, and the one she wins in return, it is apparent the two have already become the best of friends.)

CARYL (*gaily, her pronunciation atrocious*). Bon jour, Suzanne. C'est un joli apres-midi.

SUZANNE (*slowly, a broad smile spreading over her sad face*). Oh, ma chère, you should speak only the English, for you cannot speak the French.

CARYL (*pretending to be offended, though her eyes deny the charge*). Why, Suzanne, how can you talk that way? I give you my word I can parley vous better than anyone in our French class.

SUZANNE (*quaintly*). It would be most droll to listen to that class in conversatione.

CARYL (*laughing*). Between you and me, Suzanne, it is something awful. Mother says—and that reminds me. I didn't come over here to talk French. I'm in the biggest hurry. Where is Mother?

SUZANNE. She is with the master in his studio.

CARYL (*impatiently*). She is always over here now. I've scarcely seen her since I came home.

SUZANNE (*gently*). But, ma chère, he is her brother.

CARYL (*a bit hurt*). And I'm her daughter.

*(Enter GUY, busy and important. With him is TOM, and the two are followed closely by the girls, JEAN and MILDRED, who are dressed in pretty summer clothes and bedecked in flags and streamers. All are talking and laughing excitedly.)*

GUY. Come on, Sister, we are all ready to go.

CARYL. I've been looking for Mother. Suzanne says she's in there.

GUY. Well, run and get her.

CARYL *(calling)*. Mother! Oh, Mother!

*(She disappears within the house.)*

JEAN. Did you see our car? Daddy went away in it a few minutes ago. It was wonderful, even the wheels were decorated.

TOM. So were ours.

MILDRED. Colonel Tanner was going to ride in ours with Daddy.

GUY. I worked on ours last night until Mother made me go to bed.

JEAN. It looks grand, Guy.

*(Enter BOB and JERRY, bursting with news.)*

JERRY. Say, you ought to see old Dick!

MILDRED. Is he ready?

BOB. Almost; and when he comes we'd better be ready to leave.

JEAN. Richard is the best looking thing in his Grey uniform!

MILDRED. Wonderful! . . . And not a bit conceited.

*(MRS. GREENWOOD comes from house and is hailed enthusiastically.)*

MRS. G. *(gaily)*. Dear me, but this is a festive looking gathering! You look so patriotic that I really feel I should stand at attention and say, "They shall not pass!"

*(They gather around her laughing at her nonsense.)*

JEAN. Mother says I look a fright in this pink dress draped in all these flags and streamers. She says my colors clash.

MRS. G. But clashing colors are the latest style, they tell me.

*(CARYL enters from house, and at sight of her mother sighs with relief.)*

CARYL (*reproachfully*). Mother, I have been looking everywhere for you!

MRS. G. Well, here I am, dear.

GUY. We are all ready, Mother, and the car looks fine.

CARYL. Put your hat and things on and let's go so we won't miss anything! Please hurry, Mother!

JERRY. Here comes Richard!

*(All eyes are turned toward RICHARD, who enters most gloriously. He wears a trim blue-grey uniform, captain's epaulets, a red sash around his slim waist, a sword, long black boots, and a broad, black hat cocked on one side with a red rosette. He makes a very picturesque figure as he walks gracefully across the terrace toward the waiting band of admirers, and we can hardly blame him if he seems to radiate a glow of self-satisfaction. He has just come from his trusty mirror, and he knows he has seen something well worth looking upon. MRS. GREENWOOD watches him with an air of kindly amusement, but her daughter is spellbound with hero-worship.)*

CARYL (*softly*). Mother, aren't you glad Richard belongs to us?

MRS. G. (*with assumed humility*). I always try to show my appreciation of him. (*To RICHARD.*) Welcome, my Prince.

*(Snatching off his hat, he sweeps her a courtly bow.)*

RICHARD. And how is the Dowager this fair morning?

MRS. G. Speechless with admiration.

RICHARD (*eagerly, almost pleadingly*). You are going with us, aren't you, Mother?

(*She shakes her head, smiling at him fondly.*)

MRS. G. I am afraid I can't go, Dick.

CARYL (*horrified almost past belief*). Mother!

MRS. G. Something very important has come up that will keep your uncle and me here all afternoon.

RICHARD (*disappointed*). Pshaw! I am sorry!

MRS. G. It is unfortunate, but it can't be helped.

CARYL (*unable to forgive her mother's cruelty*). I don't see how you could let anything keep you away. It isn't fair to Richard!

MRS. G. (*patting RICHARD fondly*). I am sure Richard understands.

(*CARYL turns away in aggrieved silence, but RICHARD takes his disappointment manfully.*)

RICHARD (*giving MRS. G. a boyish hug*). Of course I do, little Mother! (*To the others.*) But it's late and we'd better be getting on.

TOM. I should say it is late.

GUY. Come on, people, the cars are all out in front!

(*The young people all start away chattering happily.*

CARYL is moving silently away after them when her mother calls to her gently.)

MRS. G. Oh, Caryl!

CARYL (*not turning*). Yes . . . Mother?

MRS. G. Are you going away without telling me good-bye? (*CARYL turns back reluctantly and coldly presents her cheek to her mother. MRS. G., with quiet reproach.*) Not that way, my little girl.

(*Turning away she starts toward the house. For a moment CARYL watches her in stunned surprise, then a lightning change comes over her, and springing after her mother, seizes hold of her impulsively.*)

CARYL (*pleadingly*). Mother, don't leave me like that!

(*Her mother rests her hands on the girl's shoulders, and smiles into her eyes.*)

MRS. G. And how were you leaving me?

CARYL (*laughing*). There, I might have known you'd have the best of it in the end! (*Kisses her mother with youthful abandon.*) Now, are we friends again?

MRS. G. (*smiling*). Till the next time.

(*She turns again to enter the house just as RICHARD enters calling imperiously to CARYL.*)

RICHARD. Here, here, Sis! Come along—you want to be late?

CARYL (*happily*). Coming! (*But she tarries to wave a last good-bye to her mother. RICHARD lays an impatient hand upon her arm to drag her away, and as he does so CARYL stares at it in delighted surprise.*) Richard! Where did you get that ring? (*RICHARD, taken aback, tries at first to hide it, but seeing this is too late, allows CARYL to examine it; though without enthusiasm.*) This is a beauty. Where did you get it, Richard?

RICHARD (*evasively*). Friend of mine.

CARYL (*looking shrewdly into his face*). A friend! Do you mean to tell me that a friend gave you this wonderful ring?

RICHARD (*plunging in courageously*). Well, you see, he was badly wounded in a—in Italy, and—and when they brought him home I was kind to him. Just before he died —

CARYL (*sympathetically*). Did he die?

RICHARD (*heavily*). Oh, yes—gave me this on his death bed. He was in Aviation over in Italy, and one day he had the good luck to save the Queen of Italy from being bombed by a German Zeppelin. The King gave him this ring for his brave act.

(*CARYL, who has been listening all the while with a*



*solemn face, now throws back her head and laughs deliciously.)*

CARYL. Why, Dick, couldn't you tell a better one than that?

RICHARD (*grinning*). Best one I could think of.

CARYL (*feeling her way*). You matched for it, didn't you?

RICHARD (*on guard*). That's my affair.

CARYL (*all alert*). I'll match you for it, Richard.

RICHARD (*shortly*). No you won't!

CARYL. Well, I'd like to know why?

RICHARD (*stiffly*). I don't match with girls.

CARYL (*stubbornly*). You've matched with me plenty of times.

RICHARD. But it isn't right and I'll not do it any more.

CARYL. Huh! I know why. It's because I always win.

*(This is too much for RICHARD.)*

RICHARD (*haughtily*). Put up then, and we'll settle this matter.

CARYL (*radiantly*). Lend me a quarter, Buddy.  
*(Gloomily he draws forth two coins and hands one to CARYL. CARYL spins hers deftly in the air.)* I'm ready!

*(They match and CARYL laughs out merrily.)*

RICHARD (*in disgust*). You beat anything I ever saw.

CARYL (*generously*). Well, then, make it best two out of three.

RICHARD (*seizing her hand roughly and putting the ring on her finger*). What's the use? If we matched a million times you'd win every time.

*(Throwing back her head and raising aloft the hand with the ring upon it so she can see it the better, CARYL pirouettes off the stage, half singing as she goes.)*

CARYL. Think of it, old Ring, the King of Italy gave you to Dick's friend! Just think of it—a king! Wonderful! Wonderful! Come on, Richard, they are tooting their horns for us!

*(The curtain falls upon RICHARD stalking off stage in offended dignity, CARYL laughing back at him from over her shoulder.)*

## ACT II. SCENE 2

SCENE.—Same as before. Time: Two hours later.

*(Men's voices are heard raised in hearty laughter, and then, enter UNCLE DAVID with BARON HUYSMAN and GENERAL GRAVEUR. Both men are somewhere in the neighborhood of forty, though the Frenchman looks a bit older. He is a lean, wiry built man of medium height, with a military mustache and goatee. His actions are quick and alert, and his sharp black eyes are ever busy noting every detail about him. The Belgian is of a wholly different type. He is rather tall and inclining to stoutness, merry blue eyes, a smiling face set off by a mustache trimmed and turned to a fastidious nicety. He is deliberate in his movements, and his laugh is genuine and infectious. Both men speak English perfectly with only a slight foreign accent.)*

GRAVEUR *(comically)*. I am unnerved, David. I feel as I did when the Boche chased us to the fateful Marne.

UNCLE D. Oh, that is mild to what they'll do to you when they have found you've escaped from them.

HUYSMAN *(tragically)*. What will they do, David?

UNCLE D. *(grimly)*. Trail you with bloodhounds, and



when they have captured you they'll take you away to a banquet ——

GRAVEUR. Mon Dieu!

UNCLE D. And there will be speeches—many long speeches ——

HUYSMAN (*pathetically*). Is there no way to escape?

UNCLE D. What do you expect, man? This is America! (MRS. GREENWOOD *now enters and her brother hastens to present the two foreigners.*) Back safe, Nancy! My sister, Mrs. Greenwood—General Graveur and Baron Huysman.

(*They greet each other warmly.*)

GRAVEUR. You have been known to us for many years, Madame Greenwood.

HUYSMAN (*lightly*). It was a black week for Davy when no letter came from Nancy—for so we all learned to call you.

MRS. G. (*laughing*). And it was as Hy and Gravy that you were known to me.

UNCLE D. (*comfortably*). Good! Then we are all old friends and there need be no reserve. Let us sit out here rather than indoors. Oh, Suzanne!

(HUYSMAN *seats himself beside* MRS. GREENWOOD *in the swing, and* GRAVEUR *and* UNCLE DAVID *draw up easy-chairs. As they talk* SUZANNE *appears, and at a gesture from her master, removes the hats and canes of the guests.*)

HUYSMAN (*to* MRS. GREENWOOD). You know, I dare say, that we three musketeers met years ago in Paris?

MRS. G. Yes, I know—in the famous Latin Quarter.

GRAVEUR. Two of us thought we were artists, and one really was.

UNCLE D. They were talented too, Nancy, but they wouldn't work.

GRAVEUR (*twinkling*). Neither did he, Madame.

HUYSMAN. He did not have to. He was as gay and irresponsible as the rest of us; but somehow he managed to snatch time to do real work that soon brought him under the eye of the masters.

MRS. G. I am glad I am at last to have the opportunity of hearing about David from some other source than himself. He has a way of telling only the things he wants to tell.

GRAVEUR (*dryly*). Ah, yes, we all know that way of his. Some call him modest. I say he is just sly.

UNCLE D. If you boys have come over here to start trouble —

HUYSMAN. Not I, old friend. Why, Madame, he was the most terrible man in the Latin Quarter. Would you believe it, the first night I ever saw him he thrashed me outrageously!

UNCLE D. (*chuckling*). He needed it, Nancy.

HUYSMAN (*genially*). Oh, well, we have been friends ever since.

MRS. G. Then you two soon gave up your ambition to become artists?

GRAVEUR. If we had not, our instructors would have died of an overdose of merriment.

HUYSMAN (*jovially*). On the day that old Doriau threw his palette at me I knew that I was not divinely appointed to be an artist. So I went back to my home in Brussels, and when I walked dejectedly into my father's study, he looked at me from over his glasses and said: "Ah, well, there is hope for an ass when he finds out he has truly been one."

UNCLE D. But Hy got even with him. When all Belgium was saying "The King and Huysman—what would we do without them?" then the old Baron would pace up and down on the beach at Ypres saying: "He was always a noble boy."

MRS. G. (*prettily*). We parents are often kinder of heart than of tongue.

GRAVEUR. I cannot think of you as ever unkind in word or thought.

UNCLE D. Those are her company manners, Gravy, don't be fooled.

GRAVEUR. Not by you, David. Eighteen years of military life have opened my eyes to you, my man.

MRS. G. From art to the army must have been a bewildering change.

UNCLE D. Not at all. As an artist all he ever did was to fight everybody and everything. So the whole Quarter got together and advised him to enter the army as a profession. After that, when we would read of him forging to the front, we would say: "See there—we did that."

GRAVEUR. You see, Madame, he has much to say of us, but nothing of himself.

MRS. G. He is the most exasperating man I ever knew. I run after him all day long begging to know of this and that, and he hands out to me only the meagerest scraps of information.

HUYSMAN. Always he is that way. After we three parted he would write me long letters of the others, but nothing of himself. Each year we would spend a month or so together, but no word of his success. All the while he was becoming a world famous artist—and how did I know? Through the newspapers and magazines.

UNCLE D. That ought to be reliable enough for any one.

GRAVEUR (*reproachfully*). And I return from a campaign in Africa to know nothing of his fame. In Paris one day a friend says: "Come to the Salon to-day with me." So we go, and there I find a whole room given over to his paintings, and all Paris agog over them. I was furious!

MRS. G. You had cause to be, General.

GRAVEUR. If he had only done one such thing—but no, it is all the time. Take as an instance, the trick he played upon us during the war ——

UNCLE D. Oh, Graveur, for Heaven's sake let's not go into that!

HUYSMAN. Old friend, we came over here for just

that purpose. We can never forgive you for the way you slipped out of France without a word to either of us.

GRAVEUR (*to MRS. GREENWOOD*). As if the earth had swallowed him.

*(The two foreigners look at the culprit sternly.)*

UNCLE D. (*trying to explain*). I was a physical wreck . . . my usefulness was gone. Why should I allow myself to be an added burden to an already overburdened land? I slipped away to come to you, Nan, but in England I went to pieces. and for two years I was an invalid—no good to any one.

HUYSMAN. And all the while we were searching, searching for you.

GRAVEUR. As the army moved from place to place, little children would ask us: "Have they found Uncle David?" for so all France was calling you.

UNCLE D. (*his voice none too steady*). I . . . I couldn't write—somehow or other . . . I simply couldn't. . . .

HUYSMAN (*reproachfully*). You were afraid if we found you we would feel forced to decorate you——

GRAVEUR. And kiss you on both cheeks—which so displeases you.

UNCLE D. (*savagely*). Confound you! You talk as if I were a prig!

GRAVEUR. You are! The kind to whom two nations must send special envoys.

HUYSMAN (*lightly*). But we found where he was at last, Madame, and have tracked him to his lair. We thought to slip in upon him like thieves in the night, but through the carelessness of my secretary, the secret leaked out, and your Mayor got wind of our coming.

UNCLE D. (*his eyes twinkling*). Nancy, you should have seen the crowd that was down at the depot waiting for them! Mentor, the Division Superintendent, happened to be there and he smuggled me over the tracks. The Mayor was there, as Guy would say: "With bells on." He was strutting up and down with a Judge on

either side of him. Outside the depot I could see hundreds of cars decorated with French and Belgian flags, and opposite the entrance the troop of Jackson Greys was drawn up impressively.

HUYSMAN. As the train drew into the depot I looked out cautiously, and was amazed at the sight that greeted my eyes. Who was the handsome lad in the cocked hat, David?

MRS. G. That must have been my foster son, Richard.

UNCLE D. It was, and he was the cock of the walk. Wherever he went he was followed by an admiring crowd; and whenever he stood still the crowd gathered around him. Oh, our Dick is a hero—no doubt of that!

*(SUZANNE appears in the doorway and courtesies quaintly.)*

SUZANNE. Pardon, M'sieu, shall I serve the refreshments al fresco?

UNCLE D. No, we will come inside, Suzanne. *(To others.)* I want to show you fellows a picture I am working on.

HUYSMAN. Perhaps we would better retire within doors to escape the angry mob which you say may overtake us.

UNCLE D. Good idea. They lynch 'em down here when they get mad.

*(They rise and start toward the house, UNCLE DAVID leading the way with GRAVEUR, while HUYSMAN gives his arm to MRS. GREENWOOD.)*

HUYSMAN. I feel sorry for you, David, when your irate fellow citizens discover the trick we have played upon them. But it was clever the way you slipped us from the train and into the closed car you had awaiting us.

UNCLE D. *(from over his shoulder as he enters the house).* Couldn't have done a thing without the Superintendent. He worked the scheme.

MRS. G. *(to HUYSMAN as they pass inside).* And you

may depend upon it that David worked the Superintendent.

*(They are no sooner in the house when from the near distance comes a troubled medley of bleating automobile horns, and a moment or two later CARYL rushes in, her face a picture of indignation and disappointment. She stops short when she sees the court is deserted, calling out anxiously.)*

CARYL. Mother! Mother! Oh, dear, where is she? Mother!

*(It is plain to be seen she is quite upset, and that no one can give her comfort but her mother. MRS. GREENWOOD appears in the doorway.)*

MRS. G. Did you call me, dear?

*(CARYL hurls herself at her mother, tempestuously unloading upon her a tale of woe.)*

CARYL. Mother, it's a shame! A shame!

MRS. G. *(quietly)*. What is a shame, darling? What has happened?

CARYL *(indignantly)*. It was awful, Mother! Everybody was down there to meet them and they never came!

*(Enter boys and girls, all in haste and volubly incensed.)*

GUY *(in a loud, angry voice)*. The Mayor's a nut! I tell the world he's a nut!

TOM. I came within an ace of telling him so myself.

JEAN. Well, why didn't you?

TOM. How could I, silly, when he'd sneaked out?

CARYL. Daddy always did say he was one.

MRS. G. Hush, dear!

*(They gather around her excitedly, all talking at once.)*

BOB. Well, he is, Mrs. Greenwood!

TOM. He's a coward——



MILDRED. It was awful!

GUY. He ought to be run out of town!

JERRY. Just let him try to show his face!

CARYL. And poor Richard—it was a shame!

JEAN. I could just cry for him!

TOM. Old Mayor better look out. Dick'll lick him for this yet!

CARYL (*fiercely*). I hope he does!

MRS. G. But you haven't told me a thing. What happened? And why are you so bitter toward the Mayor?

MILDRED. It was awful——

MRS. G. It must have been—but just what was awful?

CARYL. Well, Mother, everything started out just lovely. The streets were decorated with flags and things.

JEAN. And everybody was out in their cars.

TOM. All of 'em fixed up swell!

BOB. And the troop rode up to meet them at the station.

CARYL. And, Mother, Richard looked wonderful on his horse, riding at the head of the troop.

MILDRED. Like a god.

TOM. Slush! But he sure can ride a horse, old Dick can.

MRS. G. And then what happened?

CARYL. When the troop rode up to the depot everybody followed them.

GUY. Yes, the Mayor—darn him!

TOM. He was bowing to everybody like he was the President.

BOB. Old fool, nobody was looking at him!

CARYL. Then everybody went into the depot, and the Mayor went around shaking hands with us all.

GUY. Makes me sick when I think about his shaking my hand!

CARYL. And then he made a speech, telling us (*Mocking him.*) what a wonderful occasion it was, especially for his young friends gathered there. (*They all laugh and shout: "Go on!" "Just the way he talked!" She takes up the tale in the spirit of audacious mimicry.*)

Think of it, my young friends, two of the greatest, most spectacular figures in the World War—the most tremendous conflict ever waged—these two renowned heroes will be with us within but a few short moments —

TOM. That's the stuff —

JEAN. His very words!

JERRY. Go on, Caryl!

MRS. G. (*laughing*). No, that is enough. Are you going to keep me waiting all day to know what happened?

GUY. You wouldn't be the only one then who's waited to-day for something to happen and it didn't happen at all.

CARYL (*taking up the tale*). Mother, he had us all practicing yells to greet them, and singing the Marseillaise —

TOM. We sang it fierce, too.

MILDRED. I thought it sounded fine.

MRS. G. And then?

*(There is an ominous pause, when all stop and look at each other in dark, meaningful silence.)*

CARYL (*tensely*). We waited and waited and they never came!

JEAN. But that wasn't the meanest part of it.

CARYL (*with flashing eyes*). No! What do you think the Mayor did?

MRS. G. I can't imagine.

CARYL. Somebody brought him a note and he looked awfully funny when he read it.

JERRY. He certainly did. I noticed it at the time.

TOM. Then he got all the other people together and talked to them —

GUY. I remember now they looked kind of mad, but we were having such a good time we didn't pay any attention to them.

CARYL. Then he sent Richard out to see how the troop was getting on, and while he was gone the Mayor slipped out. I saw him. It was past time for the train,



and I had seen one come in, but thought, of course, it was not the one we were looking for. We were all laughing at the funny new bob Nell Trail has on her hair, when Richard came back in, and we heard him say the worst swear word, Mother! And what do you think had happened? The Mayor, the Judges and everybody's fathers and mothers had disappeared, and—and they had slipped away and left us there. Did you ever hear of anything meaner than that, Mother?

GUY. We'd have waited there all afternoon if it hadn't been for Richard. He saw through the trick right away and sent us home.

JERRY. Dick was hot.

BOB. Never saw him madder.

JEAN. Well, I don't blame him!

CARYL. It was mean—mean!

MRS. G. I believe this is Richard coming now.

*(Enter RICHARD. He comes striding in like the God of Wrath riding upon a storm cloud. At sight of MRS. GREENWOOD his cheeks flush and the expression on his face becomes strained and unforgiving; but he marches straight up to her, coming to attention a few feet from her. MRS. GREENWOOD knows there is trouble ahead for her, but she is used to handling young people with hurt feelings, so she meets the issue with frank gentleness. The boys and girls all stare at RICHARD in wide-eyed astonishment.)*

TOM *(hushed voice)*. What's the matter now, Dick?

MILDRED. Oh, Richard, have you been licking the Mayor?

*(With one haughty glance he reduces them to impotent silence.)*

MRS. G. *(quietly)*. Well, Richard?

RICHARD *(trying to be calm)*. I hate to believe this of you, Mother.

MRS. G. What is it, dear?

RICHARD *(indignantly blurting out his words)*. You

and Uncle David played a trick on me—and the whole town!

MRS. G. And which was hurt most, Richard, you or the town?

RICHARD (*stiffly*). There's nothing funny about it—if it's true. (*Sternly.*) Mother, is it true?

MRS. G. What, Richard?

RICHARD. That Huysman and Graveur are *here*?

(*Great excitement among the young people.*)

CARYL (*shrilly*). Here?

GUY. What's that you say?

TOM. Not here in this house?

MILDRED. Whatever are they doing here?

RICHARD. That is what I want to know. How did they get here, and in the name of all conscience why are those two world famous heroes hiding in this house of Uncle David's when half the town has turned out to welcome them?

MRS. G. (*trying to placate him*). It was their wish, Richard. They wanted no one to know they were here.

RICHARD. So you did know?

MRS. G. Yes, but we were bound by an oath of secrecy to the French Legation to say nothing about it. Though it was very hard to keep our promise when we saw all the preparations going on for their reception.

RICHARD (*in hurt tones*). Surely you could have told *me*!

MRS. G. Not even you, my boy.

RICHARD (*irritably*). What do they want with Uncle David, anyway?

CARYL (*with sudden suspicion*). Mother, he hasn't done anything, has he?

MRS. G. (*trying not to smile*). I am afraid he has, Caryl, a number of things.

(*A shiver of horror runs over all those present.*

RICHARD looks stunned, GUY and CARYL move closer together, as though in their family disgrace they will cleave to each other.)

CARYL (*crushed*). Mother!

RICHARD. Good Lord, you don't mean ——

GUY. They didn't come to—to ——

MRS. G. (*the twinkle in her eye belying the gravity of her tone*). I am afraid they did, Guy.

(*The outsiders look on in shocked silence. CARYL looks at her mother with a hint of suspicion in her glance.*)

CARYL. I believe you are trying to tease us, Mother.

(*UNCLE DAVID now thrusts his head out of the door and calls.*)

UNCLE D. Oh, Nancy!

MRS. G. Coming, David!

(*They watch her departure in troubled silence. CARYL takes a quick step after her retreating form, abruptly changes her mind, and as her mother disappears into the house, turns to the others with questioning indecision.*)

CARYL. Is she joking; or does she really mean it?

RICHARD (*curtly*). Of course she means it. I tell you there is something wrong here. Radically wrong.

CARYL (*highly wrought up*). I said from the first there was something mighty funny about the way he came home. Didn't I, Guy?

GUY. You sure did!

CARYL. Mysterious, I called it. Didn't I?

GUY. I thought so too.

RICHARD. I've been expecting something of this kind to happen any day.

CARYL. It is positively crushing!

(*The outsiders look on deeply sympathetic.*)

JEAN (*to others*). I think we'd better go, don't you?

TOM (*reluctantly*). Maybe we'd better.

RICHARD (*stoically*). No—no! You have seen this much of our family trouble, so there is no need of your

going now. Besides, something must be done, and I may need your help.

*(They were going unwillingly, and now they remain eagerly.)*

JEAN. What are you going to do, Richard?

RICHARD. I can't tell yet. I'll have to think it over.

CARYL. What do you suppose he has done, Brother?

RICHARD. He has been getting in bad with the French and Belgian governments, I'm afraid.

GUY. Mother admitted as much.

TOM. She didn't look like she felt very bad about it.

CARYL (*darkly*). You can't tell about Mother. But what do you think they will do to him?

RICHARD. Take him back with them.

BOB. But he's an American citizen.

RICHARD (*scornfully*). What good will that do him if they have extradition papers?

*(Each one steals a secret glance at the others to see if they know what this really means, and it is plain each thinks it is some new kind of terror they know not of.)*

GUY (*weakly*). Extra—ex —

*(His voice trails off into nothingness.)*

MILDRED. Isn't it awful!

CARYL. What do you suppose he did?

RICHARD. How do I know? But it must have been serious; mighty serious.

CARYL (*thoughtfully*). But he seems so kind. If it wasn't that he is an artist I believe I would like him.

GUY (*boldly*). I like him anyway.

CARYL. So do I!

RICHARD. Well, it doesn't matter what he has done. He is Mother's brother, and must be saved from these foreigners at any price.

CARYL (*gently reminiscent*). He has the funniest twinkle in his eyes.

TOM. Whatever you do you'll have to hurry, for like as not they'll take him away with them on that midnight train.

RICHARD. We must act at once. Leave the thing to me and I'll put it over.

*(There is an eager stir.)*

JERRY. What are you going to do, Dick?

RICHARD. It will have to be some cave man stuff, I'm thinking.

GUY. Sure—that's the only way.

TOM. But just how are you going about it?

JEAN *(bubbling over with a great idea)*. Why don't you call out the troop, Richard, and ride up here tonight, steal Uncle David, and hide him away some place until they are all gone?

RICHARD *(impatiently)*. That would never do. Why, don't you see, that would bring about international complications?

*(They look at each other in puzzled silence.)*

TOM *(feeling that something must be said)*. Yes, you're right about that, Dick.

RICHARD. Of course, I am. Whatever I do must be done in an unofficial capacity, and not as Captain of the Greys.

CARYL. Well, for goodness sake think up something quick, for I wouldn't have anything happen to Uncle David for worlds. If only he had been in the war I wouldn't have a thing against him.

RICHARD *(mysteriously)*. I am afraid he was, though. *(Chorus of: "Honest, Dick?" "You don't mean it?" "How awful!")* I think he has escaped from a military prison, and they have come after him.

GUY. He doesn't look like that kind.

RICHARD. You can't tell.

CARYL *(with feeling)*. I don't believe it!

RICHARD. Anyway, we must save him. He is an

American citizen and your uncle. Now this is a plan that has just flashed into my head —

JERRY. Sing it out, Dick!

RICHARD. You will all have to help. (*Another chorus of: "We'll be there!" "Trust us!"*) Caryl, yours will be the most difficult part—save my own.

CARYL. Oh, I will do anything to save him.

RICHARD. Then to-night you must act a great part. You must be a vamp.

CARYL (*disgusted and rebellious*). A vamp!

RICHARD. That's what I said. You must lure Huysman and Graveur, one at a time, out to the swing, and then you must be so fascinating that you will make them forget all about Uncle David.

CARYL. I can't, Richard. You know I hate that vamp stuff.

RICHARD (*firmly*). You must. And meanwhile we will be hiding out there in the pergola, and we'll sing softly; that will make it easier for you.

CARYL (*fretfully*). Well, don't let Guy and Tom sing then. When they get started it always sounds like some one was robbing a hen-house.

TOM. The nerve!

GUY. I would talk if I were you!

MILDRED. Isn't this thrilling! I'd love to do it, Caryl.

CARYL (*to RICHARD*). Let her do it then.

RICHARD. Don't you want to save your uncle?

CARYL. Of course I do.

RICHARD (*sternly*). Then do as I say.

CARYL (*rebelliously*). What are you going to do?

RICHARD. When you have him in a good humor I'll slip in behind him and throw a noose over his head. The boys will run in then, bind him, carry him to the car, and when we get both of them we'll slip away to the depot and stow them away in a freight car. Nobody will know who did it, and in the meantime Uncle David can get away and they'll never find him.

JEAN. Wonderful!



BOB. Say, Dick, that's a great scheme!

JERRY. Air tight, I call it!

CARYL (*in despair*). And I have to vamp *two* men!

GUY. Aw, that's easy!

CARYL. I wish you had to do it.

RICHARD. Come on, all of you! Let's go over home and plan this out to the last detail.

GUY. I'll say we'd better.

TOM (*dryly*). Have to show Caryl how to be a vamp.

CARYL (*indignantly, as she marches off*). I'd rather climb a telegraph pole. Anyway, I don't believe Uncle David ever did anything to be extra—whatever-you-call-it—for. (RICHARD calls them all to "Come on!" and they follow, talking excitedly: "This is great!" "I'm kind of scared, aren't you?" "Scared! Shucks, I can hardly wait for night to come!" When they are all gone, SUZANNE enters, peers about her to see if she is alone, then ventures further onto the scene, though keeping well to the rear. At this moment CARYL reënters, preoccupied and a bit down-hearted. She has come for her hat, which she has left on one of the chairs, picks it up and starts to go, but at sight of SUZANNE, who has not yet noticed the girl, she drops it again and calls softly to the French woman.) Suzanne!

SUZANNE (*starting in surprise*). It is then ma petite, Caryl? (*Turning to go.*) I thought no one was out here.

CARYL (*pleadingly*). Don't go, Suzanne! Stay just a little while. There are so many things I want to ask you.

SUZANNE. No, let it be some other time. I am but a sorrowful woman to-day. My heart is heavy.

CARYL (*taking her hand impulsively*). But if you're sad, Suzanne, it is the worst thing in the world to go moping off by yourself.

SUZANNE (*smiling in spite of herself as she allows CARYL to pull her down upon the swing with her*). Ah, then, you too have suffered?

CARYL. Well—well, I know what it is to be awfully

sad. . . . Daddy says it's indigestion—too much candy and pickles and things—but that isn't it at all, is it, Suzanne?

SUZANNE (*amused*). No, no! He does not understand, I fear.

CARYL. Being a man he couldn't. Men are the queerest things! Now Daddy gives me the money, and then when I spend it he thinks it is awful because I do.

SUZANNE (*understandingly*). So stupid!

CARYL. Isn't it? What good is money if you don't spend it?

SUZANNE. Ah, my child, how like the good master you are.

CARYL (*with shy eagerness*). Uncle David?

SUZANNE. Oui, ma petite.

CARYL (*edging closer*). Am I really like him? Tell me, Suzanne.

SUZANNE. In many, many ways.

CARYL (*off her guard*). Oh, dear, I hope I won't turn out to be an artist! It's all right for Uncle David —

SUZANNE (*almost sharply*). You think so now, then?

(CARYL *looks ashamed and uncomfortable.*)

CARYL. Suzanne, I am ashamed of the way I have treated him.

SUZANNE. One would be.

CARYL. I should think so! It isn't that I was mean to him, or said anything horrid. I just didn't pay much attention to him at all.

SUZANNE. We French are not so cold.

CARYL. Don't say that, Suzanne! . . . You see, I was ashamed of him because he was an artist.

SUZANNE (*unable to believe her ears*). Mais non!

CARYL. It is true, Suzanne. It didn't seem like a real man to go around painting pictures . . . not like any man I had ever known. I have been ashamed of him ever since I found he could make flowers grow.

SUZANNE (*scornfully*). Is it a crime in this country for a man to love beautiful things?

CARYL (*determined to have the misery all her own*). Don't blame it on the United States, Suzanne, it's all my fault!

SUZANNE (*a glint of humor in her sad eyes*). One cannot wonder then at your sadness.

CARYL. I am sorry, Suzanne. I wonder if he will ever forgive me.

SUZANNE. Dear child, his heart is so great he does not even know you need to be forgiven.

CARYL (*suddenly, but with delicate understanding*). You love him too, don't you, Suzanne?

SUZANNE (*her face grown sad again*). I worship the master.

CARYL (*curiously*). How long have you known him?

SUZANNE. For as long as you have been in this world.

CARYL (*amazed at this vast stretch of time*). Fifteen years! Goodness me! Where did you live, Suzanne?

SUZANNE. In Beloit, a village not far from the Belgian border.

CARYL. How did he ever find you in the first place?

SUZANNE. He came there to paint, and liking the looks of our humble cottage, he asked if he might remain with us for a few days.

CARYL (*frankly curious*). Did you have any children?

SUZANNE. No. The good man—he was all I had.

CARYL. Oh, yes—your husband. Did Uncle David come back there often?

SUZANNE. He came back for a part of every year, and soon Baptiste and I would have died for him gladly.

CARYL. Baptiste was your husband's name?

SUZANNE. Oui—Heaven rest his soul!

CARYL. And Uncle David always stayed with you and Baptiste?

SUZANNE. From that time we labored but for him.

CARYL. Tell me; what was Uncle David like before he was taken sick? Mother says he was a big man.

SUZANNE (*proudly*). A great man and afraid of no

one. With a laugh that was overlarge for our little house.

CARYL (*pleased*). He was good fun, then?

SUZANNE. Aye, that he was! Ah, what a man—so quick to love, so quick to fight and so quick to forgive!

CARYL (*wondering*). But he is so different now.

SUZANNE. In those days he was blessed with robust health.

CARYL. Do you think he will ever be jolly again?

SUZANNE (*sadly*). Jamais—he could not be. He has suffered too much.

CARYL (*a coaxing note in her voice*). Was Uncle David in Beloit when the German Army marched into France?

SUZANNE. No, he was in Belgium sketching along the lovely canal near Bruges. Ah, if he had only been there to tell our poor, simple people what to do! We said they would never dare set foot in France—jamais!

CARYL. Did they come, Suzanne? I hope they didn't come to Beloit.

SUZANNE (*grimly*). But they did! Mon Dieu, they came! We had foolishly begun to feel we had no cause to fear . . . but they came.

CARYL (*shuddering*). What did they do? Was there no way to escape?

SUZANNE. No, child, no way to turn. The fair land of France was aswarm with Hun soldiers.

CARYL. Oh, Suzanne, can you tell me—just a little more?

(SUZANNE sits for a moment or two lost in bitter memories. She sighs, and then takes up the tale in a low, even voice.)

SUZANNE. Into every house came little squads of soldiers. . . . Many drunk with blood and wine. . . . They took away our men. . . . Stood them against the wall of the town hall. . . . Shot them like so many dogs. . . . My Baptiste—he too was there!

CARYL (*seeing the war in a new light*). Oh, Suzanne! Poor Suzanne. . . . (*Tragically.*) What if that had been Daddy? . . . And you, Suzanne?

SUZANNE. The master returned and saved me.

CARYL (*joyfully*). He came back then?

SUZANNE. Yes. How he reached there I can never know, but he came to our house one night—the pitiful ruins of our home—and together we fled.

CARYL (*wildly excited*). And they did not find you?

SUZANNE. Almost—many times, but always we escaped.

CARYL (*uncertainly, but spurred on by an overpowering curiosity*). Suzanne, did Uncle David ever fight in the war?

SUZANNE (*critically*). No—not with a gun.

CARYL (*puzzled*). What do you mean?

SUZANNE. He fought with his great heart.

CARYL (*tensely*). Tell me, Suzanne, did ——

SUZANNE (*rising*). Not to-day, ma petite. I am too sad.

CARYL (*rising also and catching the French woman's hand*). But you will tell me more about Uncle David, won't you?

SUZANNE. Often and often. I can never be done telling of him.

(*As she starts to go CARYL calls to her softly.*)

CARYL. Suzanne!

SUZANNE (*from over her shoulder*). Yes, little one?

CARYL (*a bit huskily*). I—I'm so sorry about Baptiste.

SUZANNE (*touched*). Bless you, ma petite. How like the good master you are!

CURTAIN

### ACT III

SCENE.—*Same as before. Time: evening of the same day, only the light of day is replaced by the soft glow shed from the two, quaint, old-fashioned lanterns that adorn the door-posts. Light also filters out through the windows and door of the brightly illuminated house where one can occasionally hear voices in conversation, the deeper tones of UNCLE DAVID and the two foreigners interspersed with the softer notes of MRS. GREENWOOD.*

*(Two figures are discovered center stage, engaged in earnest conversation. These are RICHARD and CARYL. He is clad in a somber suit that at once proclaims him a man beset with a deep, dark purpose. She is attired in a girlish pink dress of some diaphanous stuff, very illusive and extremely becoming. He is examining her with marked approval, and trying to strengthen her to a task which she approaches with no little trepidation.)*

RICHARD. Now that's the way I wanted you to look. You're dressed the part to a "T."

CARYL (*skeptically*). I never saw a vamp dressed like this. They always wear long, clinging things, and walk like a fish.

RICHARD (*wisely*). Ah, but there are vamps and vamps. Now you are the little innocent kind that bowls 'em over with her sweetness. That dress is a stunner, Sis!

CARYL. I had the worst time with Mother about it.

RICHARD. What's the matter—didn't want you to wear it?

CARYL. I should say not—she was almost stern.



RICHARD. She'll be sorry when she knows why you wanted to wear it.

CARYL (*dubiously*). She'll have to change a lot then. I had to talk and talk. If she hadn't found me with it already on I'd have never gotten by. You know, it's my brandest, newest dress, and she wanted me to save it until Daddy comes home next week.

RICHARD (*consolingly*). Don't you bother about that, Caryl. These little worries won't amount to a hill of beans compared to the big things we are going to pull off to-night.

CARYL. Oh dear, I wish it was to-morrow or next week or something!

RICHARD. Now cheer up, child. It won't be half bad when you get started. Why, believe me, you're a regular little picture to-night.

CARYL. Oh, I reckon my clothes are all right, but they won't help me talk to—to those men. I don't know what to say.

RICHARD. Pshaw! I never saw you when you didn't have too much to say.

CARYL. I just hate you—sometimes!

RICHARD. I was just kidding—you can handle them all right.

CARYL. That's easy to say ——

RICHARD (*knowingly*). Well now, I'll tell you. You have forgotten something you left in there, you run in to get it, and you're awfully surprised when you find the General and the Baron are there. Then of course, Mother or Uncle David will introduce you. I'm counting on that little scene taking you a long way, for you always blush and act just a little timid at such times, and that will take like anything with those foreigners.

CARYL. I know I'll fall over my feet.

RICHARD. Oh, no you won't! And after you are introduced, then you fasten on one of 'em and talk to him for all you're worth. Just be natural.

CARYL (*dismally*). Natural! . . . I'll be scared stiff!

RICHARD. Nonsense! Talk to him sweet—you know, like you talk to Father when you're trying to wheedle something out of him.

CARYL (*deciding to laugh a little*). I—I'll try.

RICHARD. And then when you get him just where you want him, suggest that it is so much pleasanter outside. Of course, by that time he'll be delighted to come with you, and once you get him out in the swing, I'll attend to the rest.

CARYL (*sighing*). It sounds easier than it is.

RICHARD (*impatiently*). After it is all over won't you be proud to think you have done your part in saving your uncle?

CARYL (*thoughtfully*). Yes. . . . I would do anything for him. Richard, I am ashamed of the way I have treated Uncle David.

RICHARD. Now is your chance, then, to do him a good turn.

CARYL. I am so puzzled about him. I just can't believe he has done anything wrong.

RICHARD. What you think won't help him with these foreigners. We must act and act quickly if we hope to save him. Now listen: The rest of us will be over by the pergola waiting for the time to step in. I'll give you time enough to get the Baron—I'd begin with him if I were you—to get the Baron outside and into the swing. Then we'll give you a little soft music. That with this romantic light out here will do wonders—and when I think the time is ripe, we'll slip up behind you and throw a noose over the Baron's head. He'll be too surprised to fight, and we'll hustle him out of the way in a hurry.

CARYL. It's real creepy sounding, isn't it? (*After a thoughtful moment.*) Well, I suppose I might as well go in and begin.

RICHARD. Yes, run along. The sooner it's over the better for us all.

CARYL. And Richard, don't let the others hang around and listen. I couldn't say a word if I thought they were near.

RICHARD. Trust me. I'll look after them.

CARYL. All right then. Go on, Richard. I don't want anybody watching me when I go in.

RICHARD. Just as you say. Good luck, Caryl! You'll not fail us?

CARYL (*hesitatingly*). Not if I can help it.

RICHARD (*moving toward the wings*). You'll work the game all right. I'm for you.

(CARYL stands looking after him in troubled silence. Her uncle comes to the door, and seeing the girl steps outside, and stands looking toward her, wistful and uncertain. Finally he speaks gently so as not to frighten her.)

UNCLE D. Is that you, Caryl?

CARYL (*startled*). Uncle David!

(She takes a swift step toward him, then stops, confused and uncertain. He appears a little disappointed, a little puzzled.)

UNCLE D. (*whimsically*). Little girl, are you always going to keep a brick wall of reserve between us? What have I done, anyway? I come home thinking we are to be the best of pals and—why, confound it! you have avoided me all day long. What have I done, come now, tell me, Caryl?

(She looks up at him, bravely determined to make a clean breast of everything.)

CARYL. It—it isn't you, Uncle David.

UNCLE D. (*teasing*). Ah then, someone has been telling you black tales about me. Tell me, was it your mother?

CARYL (*forced to laugh*). Goodness no. Imagine Mother!

UNCLE D. Then it was Suzanne. I saw you two with your heads together.

CARYL (*catching hold of the lapels of his coat and looking up at him with charming tenderness*). No—

really, Uncle David! It was because—I was ashamed even to look at you!

*(He puts his hands over hers fondly, but he disguises the yearning tenderness in his eyes beneath a tone of whimsical lightness.)*

UNCLE D. Come now, even a cat can look at a king!

CARYL. I mean it. I'm still ashamed.

UNCLE D. And why, Caryl?

CARYL. That brick wall. I did build it, and I'm not proud of it now.

UNCLE D. And why did you ever build it in the first place?

CARYL *(frankly)*. I wasn't sure that I'd like you.

*(He laughs engagingly as he seats himself in the swing.)*

UNCLE D. You had your doubts about artists, eh?

CARYL. Well—you see I ——

UNCLE D. *(amused)*. Oh, I know we have rather bad reputations.

CARYL. Don't say that, please, Uncle David! I have been so stupid all along. Mother often tried to tell me about you, but you were only a name to me and I never listened.

UNCLE D. *(understandingly)*. I don't blame you.

CARYL. It was awfully silly of me to feel that way about artists.

UNCLE D. Oh, we all have notions like that. Now my pet aversion is poets—the long haired kind.

CARYL *(comforted)*. I'm glad you're that way, too.

UNCLE D. Oh, I am!

CARYL. Suzanne said we were a whole lot alike.

UNCLE D. Did she? Well, I'm complimented.

CARYL *(with shy friendliness)*. So am I.

UNCLE D. *(drawing her down to the swing seat beside him)*. And the old brick wall will come down then?

CARYL. It is down, Uncle David—down forever and ever.

UNCLE D. Then we are friends?

CARYL (*quaintly*). Friends—and family too.

UNCLE D. You blessed child!

CARYL (*solemnly*). And Uncle David ——

*(She stops uncertain and a little embarrassed.)*

UNCLE D. Yes, little girl?

CARYL (*bravely*). If—if anyone ever tries to—to do anything to you—I—I'm your friend.

UNCLE D. (*amused and mystified*). Well now, that is a comfort to a poor wretch like me.

CARYL (*staunchly*). I mean it! And Richard and Guy both would die before they would let anyone try to—to hurt you.

UNCLE D. (*gratefully*). Then I have not lived in vain.

CARYL. No indeed! You are our uncle, and we will stand by you to—to the very last.

UNCLE D. (*unable to understand, but pleased nevertheless*). What a lucky man I am to have such a family! (*Running his hand lightly over her hair, he speaks to her with grave tenderness; and as he does so someone beyond the wings sings "Roses of Picardy" very prettily, other voices joining softly in the chorus.*) You know, I once had a little girl.

CARYL (*softly*). Yes—Mother told me.

UNCLE D. I married an American girl over in Paris.

CARYL (*curiously*). Was she an artist, too?

UNCLE D. (*smiling a little*). No, she was the Consul General's only daughter—and my only wife. We were very happy, and when the little girl came, I was the most foolish man in all France, for I love girls. . . . They died of influenza . . . both . . . the little girl was but three. She was like you, Caryl.

CARYL. That picture in your room is one you painted of her, Mother told me.

UNCLE D. Yes. . . . I have never done anything better than that. . . . For her sake I have been kind to all babies—especially girl babies; and to young girls. For her I have endured many hardships that I might save as many children as possible. Since she was

taken from me I have thought of you as partly my own, for she too had grey eyes and bronze hair . . . and she too we called Caryl. . . . I love girls. . . .

CARYL (*shyly*). Uncle David, I am so glad you have come home. I—I think I love uncles, too.

UNCLE D. (*seizing her by the shoulders with leonine tenderness*). Bless your heart! If I had known this I would have come home long ago!

CARYL. And Uncle David ——

UNCLE D. Well?

CARYL. There's not a smidgeon left of that wall now.

(*He gives her a playful shake, and when she raises her hand to defend herself, he leans forward staring at her finger.*)

UNCLE D. Well, by Jove! Where did you get that ring?

CARYL (*flashing it before him proudly*). Isn't it pretty?

UNCLE D. Great! But where did you get it?

CARYL (*guilelessly*). I matched for it.

(UNCLE DAVID lets forth a shout that is "much too big for a house.")

UNCLE D. You *what*?

CARYL (*explaining*). Matched for it, you know? Two people each with a coin.

UNCLE D. Oh, I know how it's done, well enough. Do you do it often?

CARYL. As often as possible. But Richard and Guy don't like to match with me, I always win.

UNCLE D. No wonder they don't. But you haven't told me from whom you won this ring.

CARYL (*cleverly*). That wouldn't be quite fair, would it?

UNCLE D. M-m-h—perhaps not. I say, I'll match you for it?

(CARYL meets the proposition with true sporting instinct.)



CARYL. All right. But you'll have to lend me the money.

UNCLE D. (*his hand in his pocket*). I see now why the boys don't care to match with you.

CARYL (*laughing*). But I always give their old money back.

*(On the extreme edge of the wings dark figures are seen gathering.)*

UNCLE D. (*handing her a coin*). You say you always win?

CARYL (*quickly*). With boys. I've never tried with uncles before.

UNCLE D. Oh, I see. Ready?

CARYL. Yes, sir. (*They match and UNCLE DAVID laughs out, CARYL joining in good-naturedly. One feels that CARYL calculates that all hopes for the ring are not lost even though it be now in the hands of her uncle.*) You win!

UNCLE D. Let's make it best two out of three.

*(A dark figure steals up close behind them, but they are so engrossed they notice nothing.)*

CARYL (*firmly*). No, sir! It's settled.

UNCLE D. You are a good little sport, Caryl.

CARYL. I have to be to keep up with Guy and Richard.

*(The dark figure makes a noiseless dash for UNCLE DAVID, slips the noose over his head, while other dark figures leap forth to aid him in overcoming the struggling man. CARYL, who has by now forgotten all about the part she was to play that evening, screams out in surprise and alarm. Instantly people come running from all sides: the girls from the wings, MRS. GREENWOOD, the BARON and the GENERAL from the house. RICHARD turns upon CARYL furiously.)*

RICHARD. Shut up, you little idiot!

CARYL (*in a panic*). But that's not the ——

RICHARD (*hissing*). Keep your mouth shut, I say!

CARYL. But Richard ——

RICHARD (*to GUY*). Grab her and choke her if necessary! (*To Boys*.) Get this man to the car!

(*Even as he speaks, intent upon getting the struggling*  
UNCLE DAVID *out of the way*, MRS. GREENWOOD,  
HUYSMAN *and GRAVEUR hasten up*.)

MRS. G. What is the matter, Caryl? Did I hear you scream out? What has happened?

(*RICHARD springs quickly to his feet and at sight of the foreigners the gathering anger on his face gives way to speechless amazement*.)

RICHARD (*stupidly looking from one to the other*). Good Lord! (*Then staring at the struggling man held by the boys, he shouts out explosively*.) In Heaven's name, who is this?

CARYL (*at the top of her voice*). I tried to tell you.

RICHARD (*furiously*). Well, who is it?

CARYL. Uncle David!

RICHARD (*scornfully*). You have made a mess of things!

CARYL. Well, I couldn't help it if he came out instead of——instead of ——

(*Her eyes on HUYSMAN, but words failing her*.)

MRS. G. (*trying not to laugh*). Is there any reason why we cannot uncover poor Uncle David's head?

RICHARD (*irritably to boys*). What are you standing there for like a lot of blithering fools? Why don't you take that thing off of Uncle David's head?

TOM. Well, you said ——

RICHARD. What difference does that make now? Let him out!

(*So poor UNCLE DAVID is restored to normal, and he comes out of captivity smiling rather broadly*.)

UNCLE D. Well, well! So you thought you would

have a little surprise party for me? (*To HUYSMAN and GRAVEUR.*) You see, we go in for the unexpected over here.

HUYSMAN. Ah then, this was staged for our benefit?

(*The young people stand before their elders in dejected silence. MRS. GREENWOOD looks them over keenly, a merry twinkle in her eyes.*)

MRS. G. And now, would you mind telling us what was the cause of all this commotion?

(*They all look plaintively at one another, and then at RICHARD. He appears very much ruffled, but faces his elders defiantly.*)

RICHARD (*stiffly*). Our designs were not upon Uncle David, I assure you.

GRAVEUR. Designs! This smacks of a mystery.

MRS. G. What designs, Richard? What do you mean?

RICHARD (*in hurt tones*). I don't think I care to explain.

MRS. G. Come now, Dick! You must admit an explanation is due your Uncle David.

RICHARD. It was all intended for his sake.

UNCLE D. (*mystified*). For my sake?

CARYL (*breaking in confidently*). Yes, to save you!

MRS. G. To save him from what, dear?

CARYL (*looking meaningfully at HUYSMAN and GRAVEUR*). From—from —

(*But she cannot screw up the courage to name them.*)

HUYSMAN. Ciel! Can she mean the General and me?

CARYL (*to her mother*). Didn't you say Uncle David had done something?

MRS. G. (*remembering with a queer, amused look*). Yes, I did.

CARYL (*rushing in recklessly*). We decided that these —these gentlemen must have come for him —

MRS. G. (*filled with wonder*). Come for him?

RICHARD (*taking matters into his capable hands*). We inferred from what you said that Uncle David was in trouble—something to do with the war—and that these gentlemen had come to take him back with them as a military prisoner.

MRS. G. Dear me, Richard, but you have a vivid imagination. How could you ever get all that out of what I told you?

CARYL. Mother, you know you said he'd done something.

GRAVEUR (*making a discovery as he looks at RICHARD*). Ah, the young man of the red cockade!

HUYSMAN. To be sure it is!

UNCLE D. Yes, that was Dick! (*To RICHARD*). And what was your plan in regard to these gentlemen?

RICHARD. To kidnap them and get them out of the way so you could make your escape.

GRAVEUR. Mon Dieu! but you do things rapidly over here!

RICHARD. Caryl spoiled everything.

CARYL. How could I know Uncle David was coming out just then?

UNCLE D. And what were you to do, Caryl?

(*CARYL blushes and makes no reply, but GUY hastens to enlighten them.*)

GUY. She was to vamp Baron Huysman.

(*A roar of laughter from the elders greets this remark, but the young people see no cause for merriment.*)

HUYSMAN (*humorously*). What have I missed? And all your fault, David!

UNCLE D. (*turning to the young people with engaging frankness*). I am sorry that this occurred. I am sorry that circumstances were such that I was unable to tell you anything about it. But first, let me present to you Baron Huysman and General Graveur.

*(There is a polite stir among the young people, but otherwise they look on in silence, a little curious and very awkward and abused.)*

GRAVEUR. I fear we cannot hope for their forgiveness.

RICHARD *(with dignity to UNCLE DAVID)*. You let us go down to the depot to meet these gentlemen when you knew all the time they would not be there.

UNCLE D. It was unfortunate. But it was the wish of my guests.

*(There is a rustle of astonishment.)*

RICHARD. Your guests!

CARYL. Are they your—your guests, Uncle David?

HUYSMAN. And why not, ma chère?

RICHARD *(exploding)*. I don't understand why you should come out here and hide in this house when the whole town has turned out for you and all the prominent people are crazy to entertain you.

GRAVEUR *(advancing and laying a hand on RICHARD'S shoulder)*. You do not understand, eh? Well, I will tell you. Young man, we have been cheered and fêted by many such towns. We are weary of parades and the speeches of petty officials. We came all these miles from France and Belgium not to see your Mayor, but to be once again with our friend, your Uncle David.

CARYL *(looking from HUYSMAN to GRAVEUR in wonderment that causes her to forget her recent resentment)*. You were Uncle David's friends? You knew him over there?

HUYSMAN *(taking her hand with an affectionate gesture)*. This must be Caryl, the little girl he so often wished to see?

CARYL. Yes, sir. I am Caryl.

HUYSMAN. You should know then, Caryl, that we three have been friends for many years, and each year that has passed this great General and myself have been more and more proud to call your uncle our friend. Did you not know he is one of the greatest artists of our day?

(CARYL looks about her in uneasy bewilderment.)

CARYL (*uncomfortably*). I—I knew he was an artist.

HUYSMAN (*with gentle rebuke*). Ma chère, I fear I am ashamed of you. Did your mother never tell you of him?

CARYL (*unhappily*). Yes, often, but—but I didn't know him so I reckon I—didn't listen.

UNCLE D. What are you trying to do to the child, Hy?

HUYSMAN. Let me alone, David, for there are many things here that must be said. (*To the others.*) It is a sad thing when someone must come three thousand miles to tell the family of a great man and a hero that he is truly great and heroic.

(*A growing uneasiness is laying hold upon the young people. RICHARD rushes boldly into the breach.*)

RICHARD. How could we know he had done anything out of the ordinary?

GRAVEUR. You have heard of the Baron and me?

RICHARD. That was different. You couldn't pick up a newspaper or magazine without reading about one or the other of you.

HUYSMAN. And every week during the war did not French magazines and papers come to your mother's home?

(CARYL, GUY and RICHARD look at each other in surprise.)

CARYL. Why—yes.

GUY. Of course —

RICHARD. Yes, I read 'em—sometimes.

GRAVEUR. And did you not often find something in them about the big American who went over France and Belgium risking his life that he might give comfort and aid to the homeless women and children?

RICHARD (*a terrible suspicion beginning to dawn upon him*). Good Lord!



CARYL (*not yet understanding*). Richard, what—what does he mean?

GRAVEUR. You remember some of the thrilling experiences he had, and how again and again he barely escaped death at the hands of the Germans?

RICHARD. Yes—I remember.

HUYSMAN (*breaking in eagerly*). Until over France and Belgium, wherever there were widowed women and fatherless children, the first question they would ask of every soldier they met was, "When will he come to us again? When will our Uncle David come?"

CARYL (*turning pale*). Uncle David!

GUY (*inarticulately*). Uncle—did you say—did you —

GRAVEUR. So it was they called him wherever he went over the stricken regions of France and Belgium.

CARYL (*tragically*). And he was *our* Uncle David?

HUYSMAN. Yours, and France's, and Belgium's.

(*They all stare in the pitiless curiosity of youth at the new hero who is pacing inconspicuously up and down rear stage.*)

RICHARD. Doesn't seem possible.

GUY. What blind fools we have been!

CARYL. Oh, how could I —

GRAVEUR. Now do you wonder why we wished to slip into your city unrecognized and unsung? We feel very humble in the presence of this uncle of yours.

UNCLE D. (*whimsically*). Oh, Graveur! Graveur!

GRAVEUR (*undisturbed*). And would you know why we are here? We are but envoys from our grateful countries. You may read of us in your magazines, but over there where the people have suffered we are as nothing compared to him. They love him—all those pitiful ones—you can never know how they love him. (*The little group draws nearer, faces touched with wonder and awe.*) At last he endured more than man can bear, and he was taken sick almost to death. But the hospital was crowded with wounded men, and because he

would not stay to be a care to anyone, he stole away one night when he was still grievously ill. Ah, what a stir his going caused among the stricken poor! We, his friends, searched for him everywhere, and hundreds of half-naked, half-starved little children were begging us to tell them what had become of their beloved Uncle David. And where was he? In a hospital in England. But we did not know that. Not until the war was over did he write us to say that he was sailing home to his sister in America. (*He pauses, looking RICHARD in the eye with piercing glance. The boy's head is thrown back, his jaw set, and he is drinking in every word, for once forgetful of himself.*) Young man, what kind of a hero do you now think greatest?

RICHARD. Great Heavens, I can hardly think! Please go on, sir!

GRAVEUR. Yes, there is more. By this time there were none in my country who had not heard of our friend, and a cry went up that France should show him her appreciation. Some said the Legion of Honor, but the people said, "No, let it come from them and be a sacrifice." So they started a fund—these stricken ones—and into it was poured the pennies they could ill spare, yet gave up with tears of gratefulness. And here is their gift. (*Taking a small case from his pocket.*) France sent me to deliver this to her beloved friend. Come, David! (*UNCLE DAVID comes forward. He is pale and deeply moved. GRAVEUR hands him the case.*) In the name of a grateful country I bestow this gift upon you.

(*UNCLE DAVID takes the box and opens it, then lifts from it a silver key fashioned like a cross. He reads the inscription on it, then hands it to his sister, too moved to speak.*)

MRS. G. (*her voice none too steady*). To our Uncle David—the Key to the Heart of France. From a grateful people.

(*The silence of the young people is broken by a mur-*

*mur of amazement: "Isn't it wonderful!" "Oh-h, Mr. David!" "And just think—we know him!" HUYSMAN now takes a small case from his pocket, and again a breathless silence holds.)*

HUYSMAN. I too come bringing gifts. When it was learned in Belgium that David was alive and at home, a shout went up on all sides, from the highest to the lowest, that the most coveted honor in the land be bestowed upon him. So I come direct from the King and his people with the Order of Leopold, and the heart of all Belgium goes with it. Some day, David, you will come back to us, and then there will be no parades and banquets, but wherever you go you will be welcomed with tears of joy, and you will be asked to share alike the poor man's crust, and the rich man's feast.

UNCLE D. (*half laughing, yet with tears in his eyes, as he catches hold of the two men and shakes them vigorously*). Shut up, both of you, before these poor children begin to think I'm a kind of a he-Pollyanna! Confound you oily-tongued foreigners, you'll be wanting to kiss me next!

(*A shout of laughter from the two visitors is caught up in a gale of excited merriment by the young people. RICHARD takes advantage of the tense moment by shouting to his comrades.*)

RICHARD. Nine rahs for Uncle David!

(*It is given hilariously, and then all make a rush for the new hero and his distinguished visitors. All but CARYL. She watches them for a few undecided moments, and then turns away, her face a play of the conflicting emotions of joy and humiliation. Her uncle sees her and slips from the crowd to her side.*)

UNCLE D. What is troubling you now, my dear?

CARYL. Oh, Uncle David, I'm not fit to tie your shoe-strings!

UNCLE D. (*laughing*). Then I'll have to wear spats with buttons on them.

CARYL (*reproachfully*). If I had only known about the wonderful things you did in the war! Why didn't you tell us?

UNCLE D. I wanted you to love me—to come to me of your own accord, and not be influenced by the little I had done over there.

CARYL (*happily*). And I did come, didn't I, Uncle David?

UNCLE D. You surely did. That old brick wall came down without any fireworks.

(*At this moment CARYL and her UNCLE are discovered by MILDRED.*)

MILDRED. That stingy old Caryl, to slip off with Uncle David!

JERRY. Bet on Caryl!

(*And the young people flock around them, noisily protesting. MRS. GREENWOOD is left slightly to the rear with the foreigners, RICHARD lingering uncertainly between the two groups.*)

GUY (*truculently*). Thought you'd give us the slip, did you, Miss Greenwood? I'd have you know he is as much my uncle as yours.

CARYL. Well, poor man, he can't help that.

(*The laugh is on GUY who does not yet admit his defeat.*)

UNCLE D. Anything more you'd care to say, Guy?

GUY (*with dignity*). Uncle David, how does that poem start that Kipling wrote about a woman?

CARYL (*quickly*). I know. "A fool there was ——"

GUY (*disgusted*). You shut up!

UNCLE D. (*chuckling*). Better let her alone, boy. And now while you are all here I want to show you something—the most interesting relic and keepsake I brought with me from abroad. (*They gather closer with*

*renewed interest. RICHARD, who has been standing back, seemingly a bit out of it, now draws nearer, impelled by curiosity. UNCLE D., whimsically.)* I wonder if any of you have seen this before?

*(He holds up the ring so all can see. GUY, TOM and RICHARD gaze at the familiar piece of jewelry in amazement; after which GUY stares indignantly at TOM, TOM glares at RICHARD, RICHARD turns an outraged glance upon CARYL, who faces her uncle in speechless astonishment. From the others comes a chorus of recognition.)*

GUY. Great snakes! Where did he get that?

MILDRED. I thought it belonged to Tom!

JERRY. It's Guy's—I saw him with it!

JEAN. Why, Richard had it on this morning!

BOB. You're crazy. I saw Caryl wearing it an hour ago!

CARYL. Uncle David, did you say you brought it from—France?

RICHARD *(with dignity)*. Would you mind telling me how you got it?

*(He looks meaningly at CARYL and then at UNCLE DAVID.)*

UNCLE D. *(shrewdly)*. From France, you mean?

RICHARD *(shortly)*. No sir, recently.

UNCLE D. I'm afraid it wouldn't be playing fair if I did.

CARYL *(her eyes dancing)*. Didn't you say a king or something gave it to you, Uncle David?

RICHARD *(growling)*. You imp!

UNCLE D. *(chuckling a moment and then growing grave again)*. No, Caryl, it came from a girl just about your age, and because of that, and because your name is Caryl, I am going to give it to you.

CARYL *(amazed and enchanted)*. For my very own! Oh, Uncle David! *(She embraces him impulsively.)*

UNCLE D. For your very own. But you must promise me one thing.

CARYL. Anything!

UNCLE D. That you will never, never let anyone match you for it.

*(Laughing, she ducks her head against him, and the curtain goes down amid the laughter of all.)*

CURTAIN



# THE AIR-SPY

## A War Play in Three Acts

*By Mansfield Scott*

**Twelve** males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, a single interior. Plays an hour and a half. Royalty, \$10.00 for first, \$5.00 for subsequent performances by same cast; free for school performance. Inspector Steele, of the Secret Service, sets his wits against those of German emissaries in their plot against Dr. Treadwell's air ship, a valuable war invention, and baffles them after an exciting pursuit. An easy thriller, full of patriotic interest. Easy to get up and very effective. Strongly recommended for school performance. Originally produced by The Newton (Mass.) High School.

*Price, 35 cents*

### CHARACTERS

DR. HENRY TREADWELL, *inventor of the Giant Air-ship.*  
 VICTOR LAWRENCE, *his pretended friend—a German spy.*  
 HAROLD FELTON, *of the United States Army.*  
 CARLETON EVERTON, *a young Englishman.*  
 KARL SCHONEMAN, *of the German Secret Service.*  
 FRANZ MULLER, *his assistant.*  
 ARTHUR MERRILL, *also of the United States Army.*  
 INSPECTOR MALCOM STEELE, *of the United States Secret Service.*  
 HENRY GOOTNER, *a German agent.*  
 FRANCIS DRURY, *one of Treadwell's guests.*  
 CORPORAL THAYER.  
 PRIVATE FREEMAN.  
 RUTH TREADWELL, *Treadwell's daughter.*  
 MURIEL LAWRENCE, *Lawrence's daughter.*  
 MRS. TREADWELL.  
 MARGARET LINDEN, *a friend of Ruth's.*

**THE TIME.**—America's second summer in the war.

**THE PLACE.**—A deserted mansion on a small island near Eastport, Maine.

### SYNOPSIS

**ACT I.** The afternoon of June 10th.

**ACT II.** The evening of September 21st.

**ACT III.** *Scene 1.* The afternoon of the next day About 1:30.  
*Scene 2.* An hour later.

## ART CLUBS ARE TRUMPS

A Play in One Act

*By Mary Moncure Parker*

**Twelve** females. Costumes of 1890 with one exception; ~~were~~, a single easy interior. Plays thirty minutes. Describes the trials of an ambitious woman who desired to form a club in the early days of club life for women about thirty years ago, before the days of telephones and automobiles. A capital play for ladies' clubs or for older women in general. The costumes are quaint and the picture of life in the year of the Chicago World's Fair offers an amusing contrast to the present. Recommended.

*Price, 25 cents*

## NO TRESPASSING

A Play in Three Acts

*By Evelyn Gray Whiting*

Six males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, a single easy interior. Plays two hours. Free of royalty. Lisle Irving, a lively "city girl," goes down into the country on a vacation and to get rid of a husband of her father's choice whom she has never seen, and runs into the very man living there under another name. He meets her by accident and takes her to be one of a pair of twins who have been living at the farmhouse. She discovers his mistake and in the character of both twins in alternation gives him the time of his life, incidentally falling in love with him. An unusual abundance of good comedy characters, including one—Bill Meader—of great originality and humor, sure to make a big hit. Strongly recommended.

*Price, 35 cents*

### CHARACTERS

BILL MEADER, "*on the town.*"

JIM MEADER, *son of Bill, a boy of sixteen to eighteen.*

MR. PALMER, *a New England farmer.*

CLEVELAND TOWER, *a young city fellow, guest of Raynor.*

HERBERT EDMAND RAYNOR, *a young Englishman.*

MR. IRVING, *father of Lisle.*

LISLE IRVING, *a girl of seventeen.*

PEGGY PALMER, *a girl of eighteen or twenty.*

MRS. PALMER, *Peggy's mother.*

BARBARA PALMER, *a girl of ten or twelve years.*

ALMEDA MEADER, *a girl about Barbara's age.*

## THE GIRL UP-STAIRS

A Comedy in Two Acts

*By Gladys Ruth Bridgham*

Seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, an interior. Plays an hour. Daisy Jordan, crazy to get "on the stage," comes to New York and starves there in a lodging house waiting for her chance. She schemes to get an interview with Cicely Denver, a popular actress, to act before her, but the result is not at all what she intended. A capital play with strong and ingenious opportunities for good acting. Recommended.

*Price, 25 cents*

## TICKETS, PLEASE!

A Comedy in One Act

*By Irving Dale*

Four females. Costumes, modern and fashionable; scenery, an interior, not important. Plays twenty minutes. Mignon asks Charlotte to get the theatre tickets, Charlotte asks Maude to get them, Maude hands over three to Linda, who leaves two at Mignon's house after she has left home. But they get to the theatre somehow. Bright, funny and characteristic. Strongly recommended

*Price, 25 cents*

# OLD DAYS IN DIXIE

## A Comedy-Drama in Three Acts

*By Walter Ben Hare*

**Five males, eight females.** Scene, a single interior. Costumes of the period. Plays two hours and a quarter. Beverly Bonfoey, a high type of Southern gentleman, loves Azalea, his mother's ward, but Raoul Chaudet, a Canadian adventurer, to whom he has given the hospitality of Bonfoey, steals her love. Forced to leave suddenly because of crooked money transactions, he persuades her to elope, but this is prevented by a wonderfully dramatic device. Beverly then challenges Raoul, who shows the white feather and runs away, and Beverly, to save the family honor, assumes the consequences of his swindling transactions. The untying of this knot is the plot of a strong play with a genuine Southern atmosphere written wholly from the Southern point of view. Royalty, \$10.00 for the first and \$5.00 for subsequent performances by the same cast.

*Price, 35 cents*

### CHARACTERS

THE PROLOGUE, *the Goddess of the South.*

MADAME BONFOEY, *mistress of the plantation.*

AZALEA, *her ward.*

NANCY, *Azalea's sister.*

COUSIN SALLIE SELLERS, *from a neighboring estate.*

PHŒBE, *a little coquette.*

MARY ROSE, *Phæbe's sister.*

MAM' DICEY, *the house mammy.*

BEVERLY BONFOEY, *the young heir.*

JUDGE PENNYMINT, *his uncle.*

RAOUL CHAUDET, *a visitor from Quebec.*

CAMEO CLEMM, *from the city.*

UNKER SHAD, *a bit of old mahogany.*

*Beaux and Belles of Dixie.*

### SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I. The drawing-room of the Bonfoey Plantation in 1849. The letter.

ACT II. The dinner party. The duel.

ACT III. An April morning, three years later. The return.

## THE ORIGINAL TWO BITS

### A Farce in Two Acts

*By Hazel M. Robinson*

*Written for and presented by The Invaders Club of the United Baptist Church of Lewiston, Maine*

**Seven females.** Scene, an interior. Plays twenty minutes. The girls in camp receive a visit from a neighbor and have to borrow the neighbor's own dinner in order to feed them. They almost get away with it—not quite. Irish comedy character, eccentric aunt, rest straight.

*Price, 25 cents*

## LUCINDA SPEAKS

A Comedy in Two Acts

*By Gladys Ruth Bridgham*

Eight women. Scene, an interior; costumes, modern. Plays an hour and a quarter. Isabel Jewett has dropped her homely middle name, Lucinda, and with it many sterling traits of character, and is not a very good mother to the daughter of her husband over in France. But circumstances bring "Lucinda" to life again with wonderful results. A pretty and dramatic contrast that is very effective. Well recommended.

*Price, 25 cents*

### CHARACTERS

ISABEL JEWETT, *aged 27.*

MIRIAM, *her daughter, aged 7.*

MRS. MCBIERNEY, *aged 50.*

TESSIE FLANDERS, *aged 18.*

MRS. DOUGLAS JEWETT, *aged 43.*

HELEN, *her daughter, aged 20.*

MRS. FOGG, *aged 35.*

FLORENCE LINDSEY, *aged 25.*

### SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Dining-room in Isabel Jewett's tenement, Roxbury, October, 1918.

ACT II.—The same—three months later.

## WRONG NUMBERS

A Triologue Without a Moral

*By Essex Dane*

Three women. Scene, an interior; unimportant. Costumes, modern. Plays twenty minutes. Royalty, \$5.00. An intensely dramatic episode between two shop-lifters in a department store, in which "diamond cuts diamond" in a vividly exciting and absorbingly interesting battle of wits. A great success in the author's hands in War Camp work, and recommended in the strongest terms. A really powerful little play.

*Price, 25 cents*

## FLEURETTE & CO.

A Duologue in One Act

*By Essex Dane*

Two women. Scene, an interior; costumes, modern. Plays twenty minutes. Royalty, \$5.00. Mrs. Paynter, a society lady who does not pay her bills, by a mischance puts it into the power of a struggling dress-maker, professionally known as "Fleurette & Co.," to teach her a valuable lesson and, incidentally, to collect her bill. A strikingly ingenious and entertaining little piece of strong dramatic interest, strongly recommended.

*Price, 25 cents*

# Plays for Junior High Schools

	Males	Females	Time	Price
Sally Lunn	3	4	1 1/2 hrs.	25c
Mr. Bob	3	4	1 1/2 "	25c
The Man from Brandon	3	4	1 1/2 "	25c
A Box of Monkeys	2	3	1 1/4 "	25c
A Rice Pudding	2	3	1 1/4 "	25c
Class Day	4	3	3/4 "	25c
Chums	3	2	3/4 "	25c
An Easy Mark	5	2	1 1/2 "	25c
Pa's New Housekeeper	3	2	1 "	25c
Not On the Program	3	3	3/4 "	25c
The Cool Collegians	3	4	1 1/2 "	25c
The Elopement of Ellen	4	3	2 "	35c
Tommy's Wife	3	5	1 1/2 "	35c
Johnny's New Suit	2	5	3/4 "	25c
Thirty Minutes for Refreshments	4	3	1 1/2 "	25c
West of Omaha	4	3	3/4 "	25c
The Flying Wedge	3	5	3/4 "	25c
My Brother's Keeper	5	3	1 1/2 "	25c
The Private Tutor	5	3	2 "	35c
Me an' Otis	5	4	2 "	25c
Up to Freddie	3	6	1 1/4 "	25c
My Cousin Timmy	2	8	1 "	25c
Aunt Abigail and the Boys	9	2	1 "	25c
Caught Out	9	2	1 1/2 "	25c
Constantine Pueblo Jones	10	4	2 "	35c
The Cricket On the Hearth	6	7	1 1/2 "	25c
The Deacon's Second Wife	6	6	2 "	35c
Five Feet of Love	5	6	1 1/2 "	25c
The Hurdy Gurdy Girl	9	9	2 "	35c
Camp Fidelity Girls	1	11	2 "	35c
Carrotty Nell		15	1 "	25c
A Case for Sherlock Holmes		10	1 1/2 "	35c
The Clancey Kids		14	1 "	25c
The Happy Day		7	1/2 "	25c
I Grant You Three Wishes		14	1/2 "	25c
Just a Little Mistake	1	5	3/4 "	25c
The Land of Night		18	1 1/4 "	25c
Local and Long Distance	1	6	1/2 "	25c
The Original Two Bits		7	1/2 "	25c
An Outsider		7	1/2 "	25c
Oysters		6	1/2 "	25c
A Pan of Fudge		6	1/2 "	25c
A Peck of Trouble		5	1/2 "	25c
A Precious Pickle		7	1/2 "	25c
The First National Boot	7	2	1 "	25c
His Father's Son	14		1 3/4 "	35c
The Turn In the Road	9		1 1/2 "	25c
A Half Back's Interference	10		3/4 "	25c
The Revolving Wedge	5	3	1 "	25c
Mose	11	10	1 1/2 "	25c

BAKER, Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.





## Plays and Novelties That Have Been "Winners"

	Males	Females	Time	Price	Royalty
Camp Fidelity Girls		11	2 1/2 hrs.	35c	None
Anita's Trial		11	2 "	35c	"
The Farmerette		7	2 "	35c	"
Behind the Scenes		12	1 1/2 "	35c	"
The Camp Fire Girls		15	2 "	35c	"
A Case for Sherlock Holmes		10	1 1/2 "	35c	"
The House in Laurel Lane		6	1 1/2 "	25c	"
Her First Assignment		10	1 "	25c	"
I Grant You Three Wishes		14	1/2 "	25c	"
Joint Owners in Spain		4	1/2 "	35c	\$5.00
Marrying Money		4	1/2 "	25c	None
The Original Two Bits		7	1/2 "	25c	"
The Over-Alls Club		10	1/2 "	25c	"
Leave It to Polly		11	1 1/2 "	35c	"
The Rev. Peter Brice, Bachelor		7	1/2 "	25c	"
Miss Fearless & Co.		10	2 "	35c	"
A Modern Cinderella		16	1 1/2 "	35c	"
Theodore, Jr.		7	1/2 "	25c	"
Rebecca's Triumph		16	2 "	35c	"
Aboard a Slow Train in Mizzoury	8	14	2 1/2 "	35c	"
Twelve Old Maids		15	1 "	25c	"
An Awkward Squad	8		1/4 "	25c	"
The Blow-Up of Algernon Blow	8		1/2 "	25c	"
The Boy Scouts	20	2	"	35c	"
A Close Shave	6		1/2 "	25c	"
The First National Boot	7	2	1 "	25c	"
A Half-Back's Interference	10		3/4 "	25c	"
His Father's Son	14		1 3/4 "	35c	"
The Man With the Nose	8		3/4 "	25c	"
On the Quiet	12		1 1/2 "	35c	"
The People's Money	11		1 3/4 "	25c	"
A Regular Rah! Rah! Boy	14		1 3/4 "	35c	"
A Regular Scream	11		1 3/4 "	35c	"
Schmerrcase in School	9	1	"	25c	"
The Scoutmaster	10	2	"	35c	"
The Tramps' Convention	17		1 1/2 "	25c	"
The Turn in the Road	9		1 1/2 "	25c	"
Wanted—a Pitcher	11		1/2 "	25c	"
What They Did for Jenkins	14	2	"	25c	"
Aunt Jerusha's Quilting Party	4	12	1 1/4 "	25c	"
The District School at Blueberry Corners	12	17	1 "	25c	"
The Emigrants' Party	24	10	1 "	25c	"
Miss Prim's Kindergarten	10	11	1 1/2 "	25c	"
A Pageant of History	Any number	2	"	35c	"
The Revel of the Year	"	"	3/4 "	25c	"
Scenes in the Union Depot	"	"	1 "	25c	"
Taking the Census in Blingville	14	8	1 1/2 "	25c	"
The Village Post-Office	22	20	2 "	35c	"
O'Keefe's Circuit	12	8	1 1/2 "	35c	"

BAKER, Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.